BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1947

GILBERT HACKFORTH-JONES
STANLEY JACKSON
RICHARD PERRY
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JANE GORDON

1/6

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Craven "A"

for your throat's sake

10 FOR 1/2 • 20 FOR 2/4

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BLUECOL IS BACK BUT...

M.129

Supplies in the garages are running low, and cannot be replenished this winter. If you haven't yet filled up with Bluecol—get it now. There are still a few tins left in plenty of places: *but this is your last chance!*

NOT SUPPLIED FOR EXPORT

BLUECOL *THE* **SAFE** *ANTI-FREEZE*

BLUECOL IS PATENTED INHIBITED ETHYLENE GLYCOL

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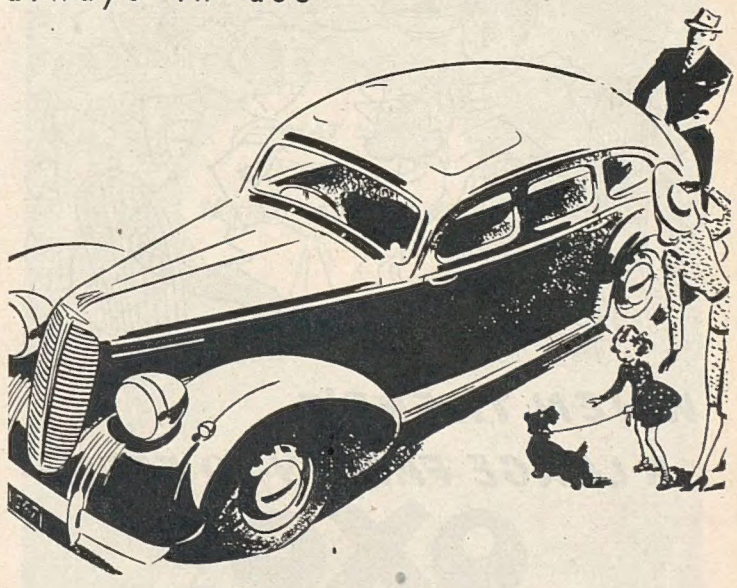
CRICKLEWOOD WORKS . LONDON . N.W.2

The Motor Accessory Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Limited.

Associated Companies: K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Ltd., Smiths Jacking Systems Ltd., British Jaeger Instruments Ltd., Petro-Flex Tubing Co., Ltd

HILLMAN MINX

for the family
whose car is
always in use



A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

The great moment...

Imagine looking into your mirror and seeing yourself in this dashing sports jumper! It's one of Copley's dazzling new designs—the designs that are known by knitters for their fashion-flair and ease of knitting. Get busy with your needles, follow the simple instructions in a Copley leaflet and you're sure of a rich reward!

Copley's — *a joy to knit* — *and a joy to wear!*

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS LTD., MANCHESTER

WHEN THERE'S A LARGE FAMILY TO FEED—

OXO's THE ANSWER!

STOP!

—*that's Bobby's milk*

You may have heard someone say "Oh, we're all right for milk; you see, we have two children." But it's a crime to use the children's milk for anybody but the child on whose ration book you get it — it's like robbing a blind person. The children need every drop of their priority milk to build strong bones and healthy bodies.

Every child under five should have his pint of milk a day, and every over-five should have half a pint, plus what he gets at school.

Don't let the children's milk reach *your* jug. Pour it straight into the children's mugs and let them have it at breakfast and tea.

They need their share of canned and household milk also, for these, too, are fine body builders. Use them for the children's puddings and other milk dishes.

children's MILK priorities

Every holder of a child's Ration Book (R.B.2) gets a pint of milk a day at 1½d. a pint, or, in certain cases, free. Holders of the Junior Ration Book (R.B.4) get half a pint of milk a day in addition to any they may have at school. Children between 5 and 14 who are not attending school (excluding those temporarily absent during school holidays and absent through sickness) are authorised to obtain 5 pints of milk each week on application to the Food Office. Children temporarily absent from school through sickness are authorised to obtain one pint of milk a day on presentation of a doctor's certificate at the Food Office.

some ways with milk

The best way to make certain that children take every drop of their priority milk is to see that they drink it or have it with cereal or bread-and-milk. If children are difficult about drinking milk, vary the flavour and appearance as much as possible, for example:

Stir in a big spoonful of jam. Red jam is best as it gives colour as well as flavour.

Some children have a distinctly savoury tooth and prefer milk flavoured with a little vegetable or meat extract.

Add a few drops of cochineal or other cooking colouring.

Make cocoa with milk, whisk it well, or pour on the hot milk from a height, so that the cocoa becomes frothy.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S156) MF

"*My* Target's lots of Certificates before April"

"Why April? Because after March 31st you won't be able to buy the present kind any more. Mind you, I expect the new Savings Certificates, starting next April, will have their good points too, but they're not likely to yield quite the same profit on my savings. So I'm taking advantage of the next few months to buy all I can—*while the buying's extra good!*"

FOR YOUR OWN SAKE **SAVE**

Buy Savings Certificates NOW!

BRITAIN'S TARGET • £520 MILLION BY APRIL

REAL GOLD

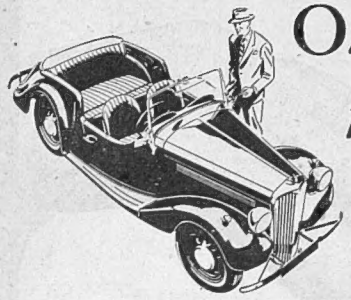
"When I grow up, I'll go out to parties *every* evening!" So said we, when we were very young.

But most of us, as we grow older, learn to distinguish the tinsel from the gold. We find that a chair by our own fireside is a remarkably comfortable place. Here we can lean back, and relax. Here we can talk, and think, and dream . . .

And many of us, as bedtime approaches, like to indulge in the soothing nourishment that Horlicks provides. We like the comfort it brings to frayed nerves, the assurance of sound sleep, the promise of new energy for tomorrow.

Available supplies of Horlicks are being shared out as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS



Our plan takes shape

The first of our new cars was the Super Ten Saloon, which is now finding its way to the public, though not yet in the quantities planned.

The second, the Nine Roadster, is now, in a very limited degree, commencing to reach our Dealers.

The Nine Roadster is an open car that in roominess, comfort, appearance and finish is much above accepted small-car standards. A sports car? Judged by performance, yes. But performance, here, is not achieved at the price of frequent rebores. The Nine Roadster owes its liveliness, its speed and its fuel economy to its power-weight ratio.

Here, at the S.M. works, we feel that the new car is well in line with our policy.

SINGER MOTORS

SINGER MOTORS LTD · COVENTRY AND BIRMINGHAM

"RUFFLETTE"

is the curtain tape

that gives

a really lovely drape

Ask your furnisher to show you also "Rufflette" rail which is being used so extensively in new houses

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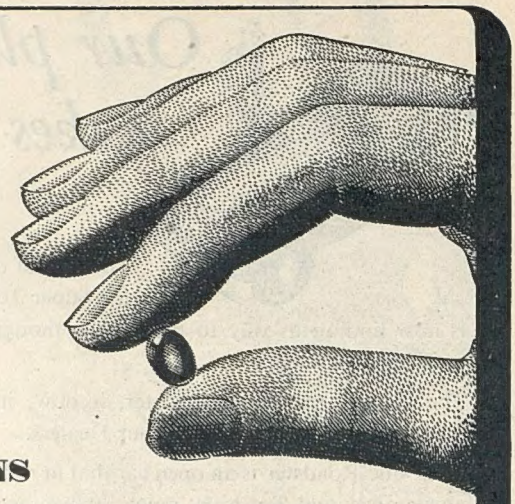
Manchester, London & Fall River, Mass. U.S.A.



EXTRA VITAMINS FOR WINTER STRENGTH

A sufficiency of vitamins A and D is one of your body's most natural needs — and never more so than during winter. By taking Crookes Halibut Oil, so rich in these two essential vitamins, you give your system a greater chance to resist infection.

CROOKES HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules, per bottle of 25, 2/6; 100, 8/6
Liquid, per phial, enough for 16 *days* 2/-

C12

I want Hot Water upstairs and down

Plenty of hot water instantly — for several hot baths, *one after the other* — for the bathroom basin — for washing up? The gas water heater you've been patiently waiting for should shortly be available, and in your case a multi-point gas instant heater is the most likely answer. Fixed in the kitchen it supplies hot water immediately for the sink, bath and bathroom basin. All you do is turn on any of your hot water taps. This automatically turns up the gas, and out flows the hot water. Turn your hot water tap off and out goes the gas. Simple, isn't it?
Your local Gas Showrooms will advise you, says Mr. Therm.

constant HOT water?

certainly — BY GAS

(49) BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1

GOOD NEWS FOR INVALIDS

For the first time since the war the exceptional comfort of the Dunlopillo mattress is available to invalids who hold a doctor's certificate.

Being porous, dustless and of uniform softness, it combines complete relaxation with perfect hygiene. Order through your furnisher.

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LATEX FOAM CUSHIONING

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9

46/DP/6D

HER FUTURE INCLUDES THAT *magnesia smile* THANKS TO MOTHER

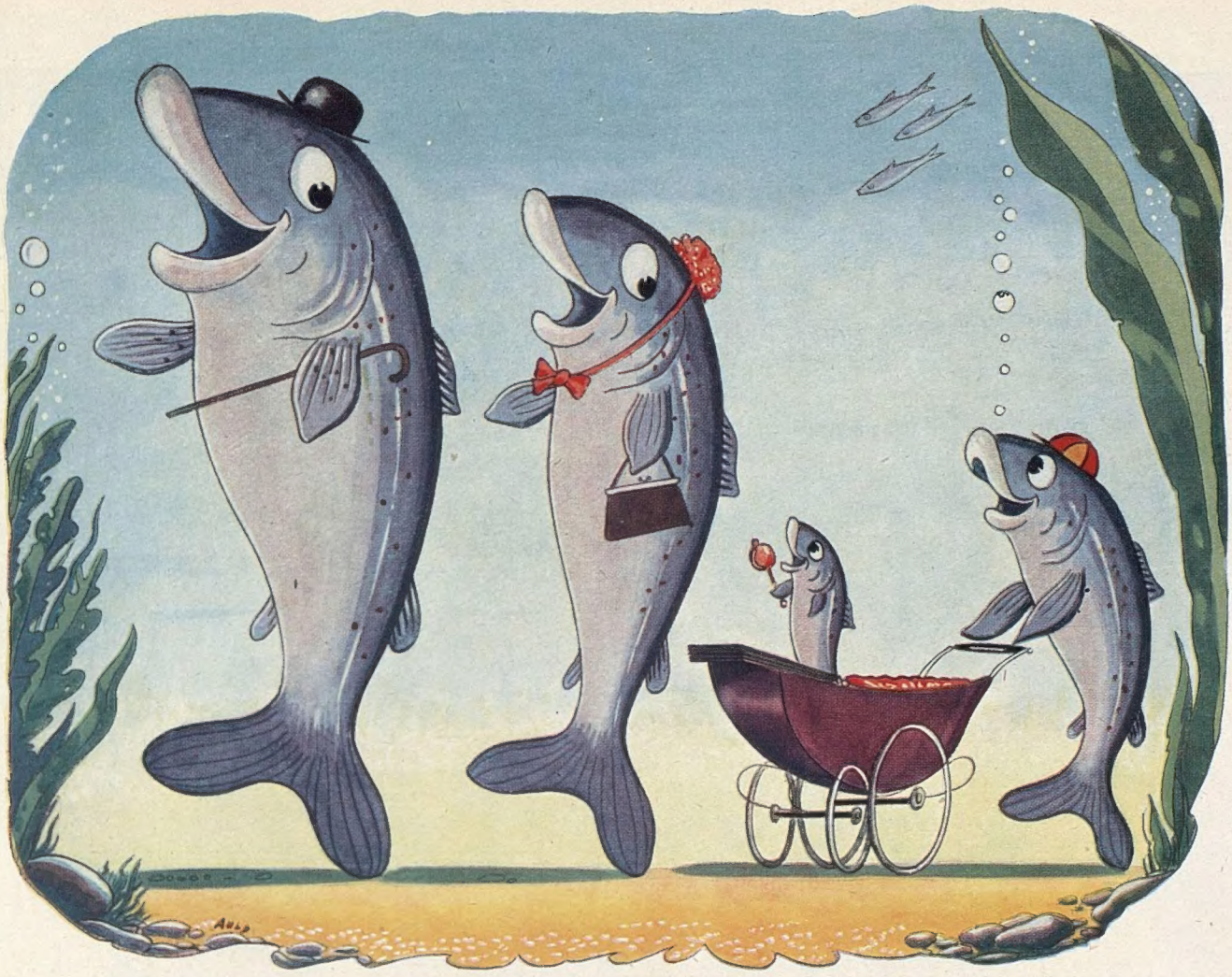
Sound teeth are among the most valuable possessions you can ensure for your child. Here is a way to make certain she keeps them clean and healthy: see that she brushes them with Phillips' Dental Magnesia twice a day.
Regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which is the one toothpaste containing *'Milk of Magnesia,' neutralizes harmful mouth acids and helps to keep teeth white and free from decay. Make sure your child's future includes that sparkling *Magnesia* smile!

1/3 *and* 2/2.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

(Regd.)

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*



AFTER WORK AND AFTER PLAY

WRIGHT'S IS RIGHT THROUGHOUT THE DAY

MOTHER DAUGHTER FATHER SON

WRIGHT'S IS RIGHT FOR EVERYONE

Wright's

is right for everyone

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

IDEAL FOR TOILET AND NURSERY

To do you justice

GOR-RAY

Registered

You'll know the new GOR-RAY skirt at a glance. Fine material, eight stylish pleats and neat snugly-fitting waistline—stocked by the leading shops—look for the genuine GOR-RAY label, you can't mistake it

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1

Why Moccasin?

"I know they go on looking good . . .

I've found that MOCCASIN Shoes keep their shape and style through any amount of hard wear. That's because the leather's good, and there's no skimping in the workmanship. One pair has to do the work of two these days, so I search until I find a pair of MOCCASIN Shoes."

REGD.

MOCCASIN *Shoes*

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., *Moccasin Shoe Makers*, NORTHAMPTON

15

VISCOUNTESS BRIDPORT *gives her fair skin a lovely transparent look by using Pond's Natural Face Powder*

Blondes Beware!

Blondes, beware! No ordinary face powder can bring out the full beauty of your complexion. But Pond's Powder is different! For, thanks to the colourscope, Pond's shades are scientifically blended to bring out all the lovely hidden tints of each complexion type — the fragile beauty of *fair* skin, the glamour of glorious *creamy* skin.

Pond's colourscope revealed the hidden tints in each complexion type. (It showed bright blue *in blondes' skin!)*

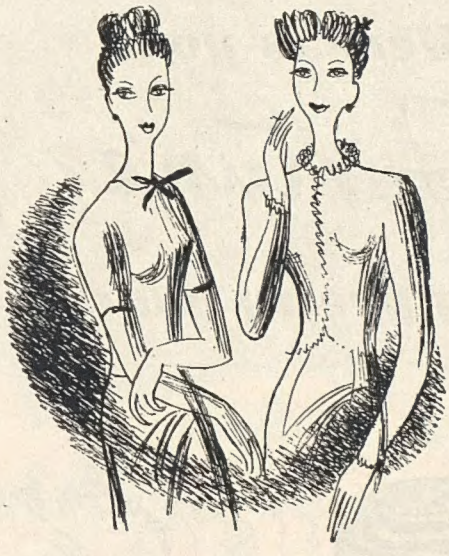
POND'S *Face Powder*

Rayons—printed and plain—gay as the first daffodils, glowing as a bed of early tulips, woollens whose pastel hues are inspired by the flurrying skies of a bright Spring day . . we've stolen a march on April with the Spring range of Marshall fabrics.

Supplies, unfortunately, still very limited.

Marshall spring fabrics

Fashion rayons, printed dyed and woven, dress suiting and coating woollens, woven cottons. P41



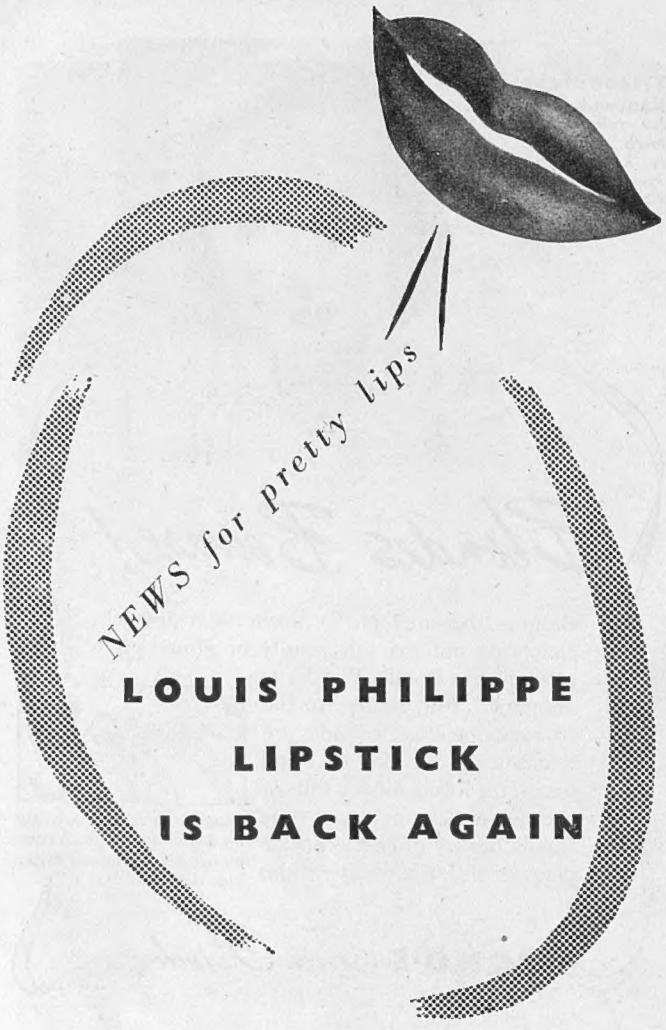
Smart women knit

their own with

P & B wools

P&B WOOLS

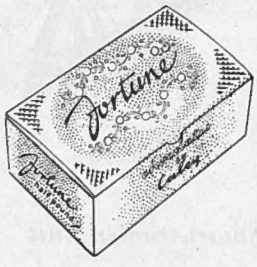
Patons & Baldwins Ltd



WHITWORTH AND MITCHELL LTD. LONDON and MANCHESTER
Producers also of TRICOLINE - the equal to silk

Here is your
Fortune
my pretty maid!

This is Marzipan Whirl, one of the delicious chocs in the Fortune assortment



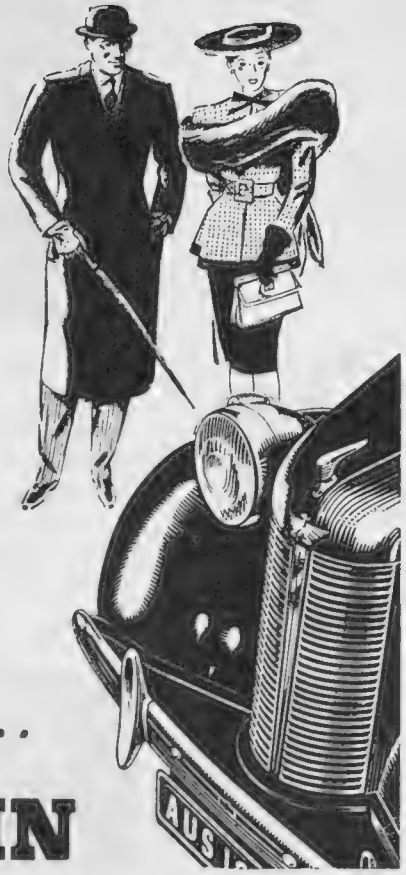
Your Fortune is in the shops again, wrapped and packed like old times!

CALEY

F8

Two happy smiles! BUT–
MISS FOOLISH only cleans her teeth . . .
. . . MISS WISE safeguards hers by keeping gums healthy too!
EVEN healthy-looking teeth, free from decay, can easily be lost through gum neglect. See your dentist regularly and use S.R. Toothpaste. It contains sodium ricinoleate to strengthen gums against disease, and keeps teeth sparkling clean!
Gibbs
S.R.
TOOTHPASTE
1/4 (inc. tax)

GR 154-1025-80



Current Austins comprise 8 10, 12 and 16 h.p. de-luxe, 4-door, sliding head saloons, priced from £345 15s. to £633 5s., inc. Purchase Tax.

more and more people are saying...

AUSTIN

– you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING, ENGLAND

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

"Margaret's the right sort . . .

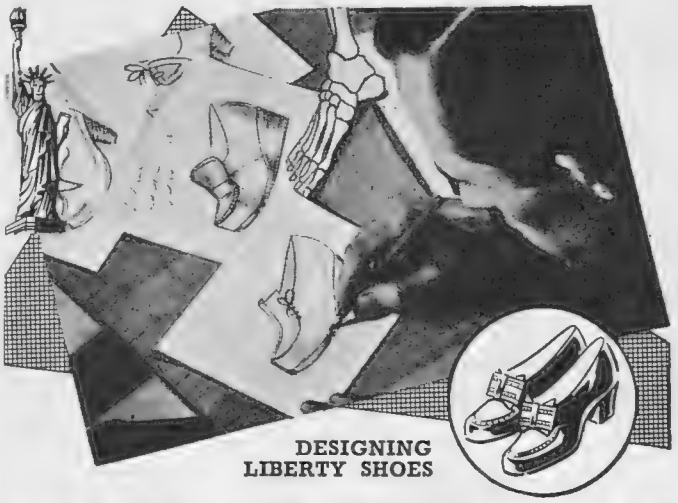
Just the kind of pretty young wife men dream about — cheerful, companionable, and a grand little housewife and mother!"

Margaret is certainly a dream worth holding on to. Her good sense and gay charm are just as natural to her as that lovely complexion. Of course, she uses Knight's Castile, the toilet soap known for years for its honest-to-goodness purity.

KNIGHT'S CASTILE

The Soap Nice People Like

Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited KC 337-96-80



Liberty fit so very well

Liberty have mastered the secret of free, graceful movement — of carriage, poise and health. Liberty designers express the principles of anatomy in terms of fashion. That is why Liberty Shoes fit better. They clothe your feet beautifully by assuring the physically correct functioning of every part of your feet. You move better, you feel better and the unquestionable fact that you are wearing fashion's latest means a lot.

LIBERTY SHOES LTD. Leicester

B.E.4.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 34, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1947

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 76. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

MAD APPLE · VINTAGE
VICTORIAN ROSE
DARK FIRE · REGENCY
CLOVER · FIREWEED
HEART BREAK
GINGER TEA · PALE

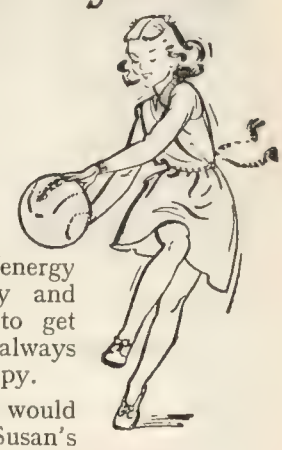
WHICH COLOUR WILL YOU HAVE?

Back again, the lovely Peggy Sage nail polishes, in a whirl of lovely names and adorable shades. Brilliant favourites of pre-war—and new, fascinating additions to the Peggy Sage collection. Peggy Sage is always striving for improved quality, but materials are still in short supply. In the meantime, always in the lead, she offers the finest possible polish under present conditions.

Peggy Sage
FINGER-TIP SPECIALIST

—SALONS—
LONDON: 130 NEW BOND ST., W.1
(Corner of Grosvenor St.) Phone: MAYFAIR 0396
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET
PARIS: PLACE VENDOME

Susan's vitality is *amazing*



She puts such energy into her play and never seems to get tired. She's always so fit and happy.

Any mother would be proud of Susan's radiant good health and energy. Ever since she was quite a tiny tot any little stomach upsets have soon been corrected with 'California Syrup of Figs.'

When children are 'out of sorts' this natural laxative will regulate the system and put them right again.

'California Syrup of Figs'

When the sandwiches are cut
and the cake looks exciting:
when the kettle sings
and there's Hovis and butter and honey to start with . . .

What do you know ?

Someone's keeping their strength up
— the sensible way.

Hovis

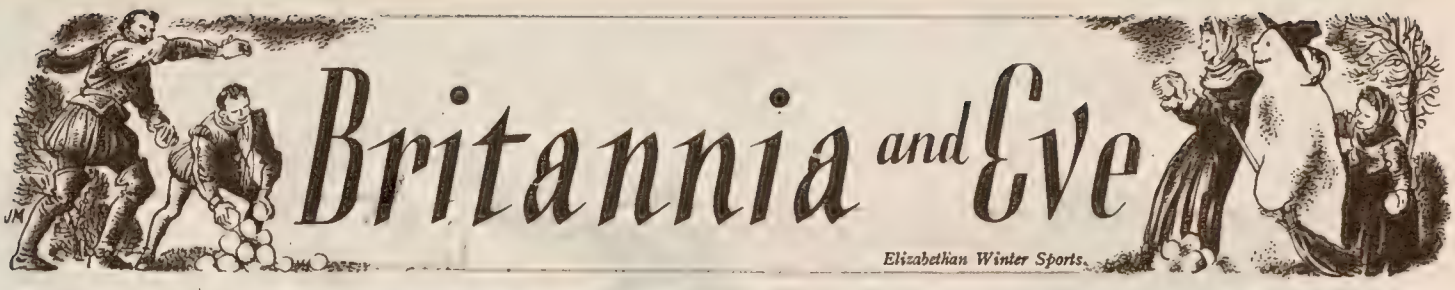
FROM the pencillings in a Scientist's notebook, from chemicals in a test-tube, from experiment with molecular construction . . . from endless research in Celanese Laboratories, come the Fabrics of Tomorrow.

And because they are man-made and laboratory controllable, these modern textiles will recognise no limitations of form or appearance. Each fabric will be created from a formula scientifically evolved to produce a material specifically fitted to its purpose.

Here you glimpse the beauty of ' Celanese ' . . . new and lovely fabrics which demonstrate the flexibility of modern creative chemistry.

British Celanese Limited

TEXTILES · PLASTICS · CHEMICALS



Captain Edwards, a square-built seaman whose uniforms always seemed a bit too tight for him, received Miss Drake and her story with his morning coffee

The Green Snake

A Short Story

By

Leslie Gordon Barnard

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

THE freighter was swinging in a slight, as yet not unpleasant, motion when Miss Drake made her way to the saloon—the box in her hand. As Mrs. Deekman put it, "We're all just a little shipboard family," and indeed, the very limitations of the ship's accommodation threw them together. It seemed to Miss Drake a quite innocent thing to mention her puzzlement, and now—by request—show them the box. It was such a *mild* mystery, and yet it puzzled her to the point of irritation, a half-humorous irritation. Why, she asked herself, why? At the last minute before sailing, in the midst of such hurry that she could not properly pack all her specimens, this box had been put into her hand by a man who had no claims upon her except that of being a bit of a naturalist. Would she, he had asked, make very sure that the box got to a professor at home with whom Miss Drake was barely acquainted? She would have thought nothing of it if the man had not been so urgent, twice securing her promise of safe delivery.

"This," Miss Drake said now, entering the little saloon, "is it."

"What!" cried Mr. Deekman. "Just a cigar-box?"

"Very useful for specimens," Miss Drake smiled. "But these——" She took off the two elastic bands that were about it, opening the box. Afterwards Miss Drake remembered them as they all crowded around: Ruth Miller and her young husband; Mrs. Corby, in evening dress, as usual, even here on the freighter, a pendant flashing at her no longer quite young throat; the Deekmans—a stout Dutchman and his roly-poly wife; Miss Wilbur, the missionary just going home on furlough, bubbling with good cheer; and Mr. Hindle, a sallow, well-groomed man, who spoke little and always quietly. "There," Miss Drake said. Everybody leaned closer.

"Insects," said Mrs. Corby. "Ugh!"

"A special collection?" asked Mr. Hindle.

"That," said Miss Drake, "is the point. They are not particularly rare or interesting. Then why was my naturalist acquaintance so strange about it all? It seems such a trivial mystery, and yet it keeps going round and round in my mind."

"May I see the box?" Mr. Hindle examined it. He said, "Have you thought of probing underneath?"

"And disturb the specimens?"

"Ah, there speaks the naturalist, but I would remind you they are, by your own account, not particularly valuable. I think, with a pocket-knife we could pry——"

"Do!" cried Mrs. Deekman, with her nervous, girlish giggle.

Miss Drake looked at Miss Wilbur; she trusted Miss Wilbur's good sense. Miss Wilbur gave a half-nod, crowding close to young Mr. and Mrs. Miller to watch. Carefully Mr. Hindle operated. He said, "There's something under here. I suspected it from the weight of the box. Now, if we can——"

"Oh!" cried Ruth Miller. "Look! Look, Ron, at what it is!"

Mrs. Corby said, "How—how horrible! A snake! I loathe snakes."

"This one," said Miss Drake, lifting it out, "won't bite."

They all stared at it. Miss Wilbur said, "Benares work, I think. But how beautifully inlaid. And the—the eyes!"

"Emeralds," breathed Ruth Miller.

Miss Drake pulled herself together. "I take it," she said drily, "I was to be an unconscious smuggler of jewels. As a naturalist, I could be expected to make sure I delivered these, and my innocence in going through the Customs would certainly be supreme. I suppose they are—valuable?"

Mrs. Corby said, "I always get expert opinions before purchasing. But I should say off-hand they are the real thing."

Mr. Hindle took the metal creature in his hand. "They are remarkably fine," he said. "I should hesitate even to put a price on them."

A nervous giggle came from plump little Mrs. Deekman. "Should you be having those with you now, Miss Drake? Is it safe? After all——" She giggled again.

Young Mr. Miller said quickly, "Mrs. Deekman is quite right."

" My wife," said Mr. Deekman amiably, " is always right."

" Well," said Miss Drake, " I think I shall ask Captain Edwards to take charge of them in the ship's safe until——" and she looked around, but the Captain had been called to the bridge, and at the same moment Mrs. Corby gave a little scream. Something had touched her leg, she said—something *alive*—and she glanced at Miss Drake, as if accusing her, a naturalist, of allowing some specimen to come alive ; when, after all, it was only the ship's cat brushing by.

" I 've spoken about that animal before," Mrs. Corby said exasperatedly, and the laughter, which had been spontaneous and general, dissipated. Almost at the same moment the ship was observed to be swaying more heavily, lurching as if the floor of the sea had become suddenly unstable.

" Oh, dear ! " cried Miss Drake woefully. " I shall never be a good sailor. I think I shall have to go to my cabin."

" Fresh air," advised Mrs. Corby. " That 's what you need. This place gets intolerable." And she put a hand under Miss Drake's arm solicitously. The Millers, who already had gone out, needing air, were by the rail talking in low, earnest tones.

" Hush, darling," young Mr. Miller was saying, " you must put that right out of your mind. You mustn't even think of it. Please, dear. Promise me, Ruth. Anyway, she 's going to give it to Captain Edwards——"

Taking a turn around the deck, Mrs. Corby said to Miss Drake, " Didn't you think that very odd—what they said ? " But Miss Drake by now was thinking of nothing but the shortest route back to her cabin. She clutched the cigar-box firmly to her, but even it no longer mattered. Afterwards she accused herself of negligence, but what mattered now was the relative comfort of her berth. Miss Drake definitely was not a good sailor. The last thing she clearly remembered, except for the awful spasms of nausea, was pushing the cigar-box under her pillow.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS, a square-built seaman whose uniforms always seemed a bit too tight for him, received Miss Drake and her story with his morning coffee.

" You mean," he said, " that someone tried to steal the thing ? "

Miss Drake nodded ; she was still feeling queasy, even though the freighter was vibrating on a more even keel. She had wakened, she said, just as the first glimmer of dawn filtered in, with a feeling that something was amiss, that somebody was in the cabin. " Who 's there ? " Miss Drake had called ; and in alarm, the thief had dropped the box and fled. By the time she got to the door and opened it, no one was in sight. The Captain gnawed his short moustache. " Damned awkward," he sighed, " not to say embarrassing. Tell me, did this early-morning apparition look like a man or a woman ? "

" It looked," said Miss Drake grimly, " like an agitated blanket. Probably one of the ship's blankets wrapped around, and coming like a hood over the head. It might have been anyone."

The Captain's square fingers drummed on the table.

" What do you wish me to do, Miss Drake ? "

" I suggest, at the moment, nothing."

" Let me keep the thing, then."

Miss Drake shook her head. She looked at the box she held in her fingers.

" I 'll keep it," she said.

" There may be a second attempt."

" Precisely."

" I don't think I approve."

" Captain Edwards," said Miss Drake, " up to last night I was one of eight passengers on this ship. I liked them, some very much, not all the same—but I liked them. Now one of them is a thief, whether the attempt came off or not. I want to know which one it is. I want to clear the others—if only in my own mind. Moreover, I think it is our duty, Captain."

Captain Edwards ground his cigarette on his saucer.

" You win," he said, " but I suppose you know you are taking a risk ? " He broke off. " Come in," he said.

The door opened.

" Oh, Captain," said Mrs. Corby, " and Miss Drake. I thought I 'd find you both here. I 've come about what—what happened." She glanced quickly from one to the other. " You are discussing it, aren't you ? You see, my cabin 's almost across from Miss Drake's. I awakened quite early, feeling something was wrong ; then I heard Miss Drake call out, and the sound of her door banging and of feet running. By the time I could get out all I could see was a figure disappearing along the corridor."

" What kind of a figure, Mrs. Corby ? "

" In a blanket."

" Man or woman ? "

" Unless a man had borrowed a woman's pyjamas, I should say a woman."

Miss Drake glanced up sharply. " What colour—or did you notice ? "

"Hush, darling," young Mr. Miller was saying, "you must put that right out of your mind. You mustn't even think of it. Please, Ruth. Promise me"

Captain Edwards said, "Is that everything you have to tell us? Thank you, then, Mrs. Corby." When she left, he said, "My betting is it 'll be all over the ship now. Under the circumstances, do you revise your opinion about the custody of this—this snake?"

"On the contrary," said Miss Drake, rising.

Outside the Captain's cabin, Mrs. Corby was smoking a cigarette. "I was waiting for you," she said. "I didn't want to say it before him, but you do remember, don't you, how strange the Millers were last evening? There 's something not quite right there."

"I think a sort of sky-blue, but the light was bad."

"This figure," Captain Edwards persisted, "turned the ell and disappeared?"

"Yes."

"Whose cabins are beyond?"

"Mr. Hindle's, the Deekmans' and the Millers'."

"Not Miss Wilbur's?"

"Who is a missionary," Miss Drake pointed out.

"Trust no one," said Mrs. Corby.

Miss Drake sighed. "That pretty young thing."

"That odd young thing," amended Mrs. Corby.

BEFORE long, indeed, Miss Drake was obliged to admit, though only to herself, that there was something odd and disturbing about the Millers. A change had come over what Mrs. Deekman had pleasantly dubbed the ship's family. At mealtimes there was a forced tempo to the conversation; an unspoken suspicion of one's neighbour. Young Mr. Miller was certainly not at ease; and the sparkle had gone from his wife's eyes. Miss Drake, watching, was uncertain; it did not help occasionally to catch Mrs. Corby's quick, confirming glance—shrewd, worldly-wise, the judgment of a travelled woman, a sophisticate not to be taken in by any sentimental nonsense. At times Miss Drake caught herself fitting a ship's blanket, hooded, over each of her companions in turn. Would the figure attempting robbery in her cabin in those early-morning hours fit into Mr. Hindle's height, Mr. Deekman's breadth, Miss Wilbur's jolly rotundity, Mrs. Corby's matronliness, or Mrs. Deekman's shapelessness? Captain Edwards she dismissed. The crew she did not consider; even the steward had not been hovering that evening. No; as Mr. Hindle put it in his quiet way, "It narrows down to one of us, doesn't it?"

Was that his way of—of being casual, of seeming innocent? He was a silent man ordinarily, a bit inscrutable.

Mr. Deekman laughed, " If it had been I, I should certainly have done it before daylight."

" It was still quite dark," Ruth Miller said quickly, and then, at a glance from her husband, bit her lip and was deadly quiet.

Miss Wilbur said, " Perhaps he—or she—couldn't quite make up his—or her —mind to try it until the last moment. Temptation is often like that."

" Nonsense," Mrs. Corby disagreed. " If I wanted a thing I 'd get it over with."

Mr. Hindle was heard to say, " Now we have all spoken." There was a hint of ironic laughter in his voice.

" All but one," Mrs. Corby pointed out. " Mr. Miller said nothing. I think there is something on Mr. Miller's mind."

All eyes turned to young Mr. Miller. His youth seemed suddenly to fall from him. His eyes tried to meet every glance, but bravado failed him. In that moment —while respecting the forthrightness of this attack on vulnerability—Miss Drake hated Mrs. Corby. She did not blame her ; only hated her as the disillusioned hate the overthrowers of their idols. Ruth Miller did not lift her eyes from her plate, but suddenly put down her fork and gave a little choking cry. She got up, looking at them all with an emotion that might have been fear, or anger, or utter misery. Ron Miller was instantly up. " If you will excuse us," he said, " my wife is not—very well."

Behind them was an unshattered silence, until Mrs. Corby drew a sharp breath. " So ? " she said. She looked, Miss Drake thought, like a cat who had just got its claws on a sparrow. To Miss Drake's surprise, fat, placid Mrs. Deekman struggled up out of her seat.

" You are mistaken," she said. " I loved jewels. It was I—I who——"

" Momma ! What are you saying ? What are you saying ? "

Mrs. Deekman paid no attention to her husband. " Do you believe I could be the one ? " she demanded of Mrs. Corby.

For a moment Mrs. Corby did not speak ; very quietly, she ashed her cigarette in its chased silver holder.

" You could be," she said.

" But I am not ! " flashed the little Dutchwoman triumphantly. " I only wished you to say that—to admit it still could be any one of us." Her triumph died ; a quick flood of tears came. She faced Mrs. Corby again. " I think," she said, " oh, I think you are horrible ! " Then she, too, in a flood of tears, left the saloon. Unaccountably, Miss Drake felt better ; as if with the opening of the door on to the deck something more than sea air had blown in.

" Well," she said, looking around on them all again with a half-smile, " what do you know about that ? "

Mrs. Corby spoke : " Miss Drake, I suggest, if you do not wish to be—highly unpopular—you do not attempt to find out the truth. Truth is rarely palatable."

Mr. Hindle remained behind to the last to speak to Miss Drake.

" You still carry that damned thing with you ? "

" Yes, Mr. Hindle. Everywhere."

" I think," he said, " you are playing with fire."

" Thank you for the warning," Miss Drake said. " I think perhaps I am."

She stared after him thoughtfully as he left her to go out on deck.

MISS DRAKE gazed down upon grey waters moving steadily astern. The sea was like glass, undulating in long, lazy waves that never broke. There was something sinister about such controlled power ; she would have welcomed a breaking, an honest crest tossed into the sunlight. Then the steward was at her elbow ; he gently touched it, and—startled ; because now every movement had begun to affect her that way—she gave a repressed cry. " Yes, yes," she told him hastily, " certainly . . ."

" Please sit down, Miss Drake," Captain Edwards invited.

Then, suddenly, they heard it—a woman's scream, piercing the night

Miss Drake sat down ; she glanced, but a little too quickly, at Ruth Miller's husband. The Captain said quietly, " Mr. Miller just came to me, of his own accord. He agreed with me that we should have you in. He felt I should know—and you, Miss Drake—that Mrs. Miller's mother was the victim of kleptomania. You think, then, Mr. Miller ? " Captain Edwards put it to him.

" I hardly dare to think," young Mr. Miller said. (*Continued on page* 60)

Storm Over England

The Weather Is Always News

By Wilma Buckley

ONE of the most violent storms in the annals of this island raged over many parts of the country.

Heralded by an unaccountably darkened sky—a phenomenon that struck fear into all hearts and that turned day into night—a sudden wind, attaining gale force, sprang from the south-west and swept the land with devastating force.

A number of churches was destroyed and in London, alone, more than five hundred houses collapsed. . . .

Strange as it may seem, this account does not apply to any happenings of this evil-weathered winter of 1946–1947, but to the year 1091!

And here is another revelation : Never before has a gale of such unparalleled fury burst upon these shores as that which caused such havoc in November.

The resulting devastation was without precedent. In many harbours and on the coast in general, the loss in lives and in shipping proved to be catastrophic.

It is estimated that the number of victims drowned in the floods caused by the overflowing of the Severn and the Thames, and lost through ships being dragged from their anchors and carried out to sea, lies in the neighbourhood of eight thousand.

Twelve warships, with more than eighteen hundred men on board, foundered within sight of our shores.

Winstanley, designer of the Eddystone Lighthouse, together with his staff, lost their lives in the destruction of that edifice.

In Somerset, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and his wife, were killed in bed by falling masonry in the episcopal Palace at the height of the storm.

The year 1814 will be long remembered for the severe frosts and heavy falls of snow with which it commenced, and by which the rivers were rendered unnavigable, and the public roads for several days impassable. At the beginning of February the river was completely blocked up with ice, between London and Blackfriars Bridges, where a fair was kept three or four days, with booths, swings, skittles and a press printing tickets in commemoration. At top of page. Another view of the great frost fair held on the Thames when it was frozen over in 1814

Seventeen thousand trees were torn up by the roots in Sussex and multitudes of sheep and cattle drowned in various districts.

The damage in London itself is calculated at some two million pounds sterling. . . .

The November of this particular cataclysm was that of 1703; the storm has come down to us as "The Great Storm" in meteorological records.

And again : A violent south-westerly gale burst over London on Sunday afternoon, accompanied by torrential rain which continued, unabated, until Monday morning. Many persons were injured and much damage done to property.

By daybreak on Monday, the streets were seen to be strewn with chimney pots, tiles, and sign posts, and a number of people had been hurt by falling objects. A large mass of hoarding at Ludgate Hill Station collapsed on a City policeman, and shutters in Newgate Street were blown bodily into the roadway.

Houses were damaged or destroyed (*Continued on page* 60)

Ghost Gold

The Lure Of Easy Money Has Made Many Adventurers Rich

By C. Patrick Thompson

IN the backroom of the café the money dealer's shifty gaze slid from agent to client. He slowly thumbed the thick packet of dollar bills.

"There is 480,000 francs' worth here, at official rate."

"At official rate," agreed the lean gentleman with the narrow eyes. "At market rate, 960,000 francs. Call it a round million. You're lucky to get so many dollars in one lump. I can change three more lots like that if the rate is right."

The market man seemed unimpressed.

"It's true the demand for dollars is enormous. I can pay 280 francs to the dollar and still make a profit. I have several clients, each one of whom would be glad to take your whole holding of dollars off me. But I cannot use these particular dollars in that quick market, and so I cannot offer you above the market rate for a large quantity. I cannot offer you the market rate. I cannot offer you even the official rate. All I can give you for these is 100,000 francs. And the same rate for the rest."

"You see," said the dealer, smiling. "I know these are stolen. Last week an American Army pay-roll turned up 25,000 dollars short. It was in the papers. There was a military court of inquiry. We have been expecting a large offer of dollars in the market, but not so soon." He laughed. "Above the market rate! Pah! 400,000 francs for the lot."

The client said he would deal at 2,000,000 francs. "That's under official rate. You can make over 100 per cent profit." The dealer ridiculed the idea. He'd have to put the bills in cold storage, slip them out through agents in Switzerland, Sweden, Holland. They dealt at last at 750,000 francs for 16,000 dollars, worth 1,920,000 at official rate, and more than double that at the black market rate.

A week later the dealer slipped ten 100-dollar bills into a packet of currency and travellers' cheques he sold a Pole, who was smuggling them out of the country. He cursed himself for being so impatient when the Sûreté pulled him in for questioning a few days later. But he was ready, and he appeared calm as he sat down in the room at headquarters. His calm faded, however, as he realized the line of interrogation. He was not suspected of receiving stolen money, but of passing counterfeit dollar bills.

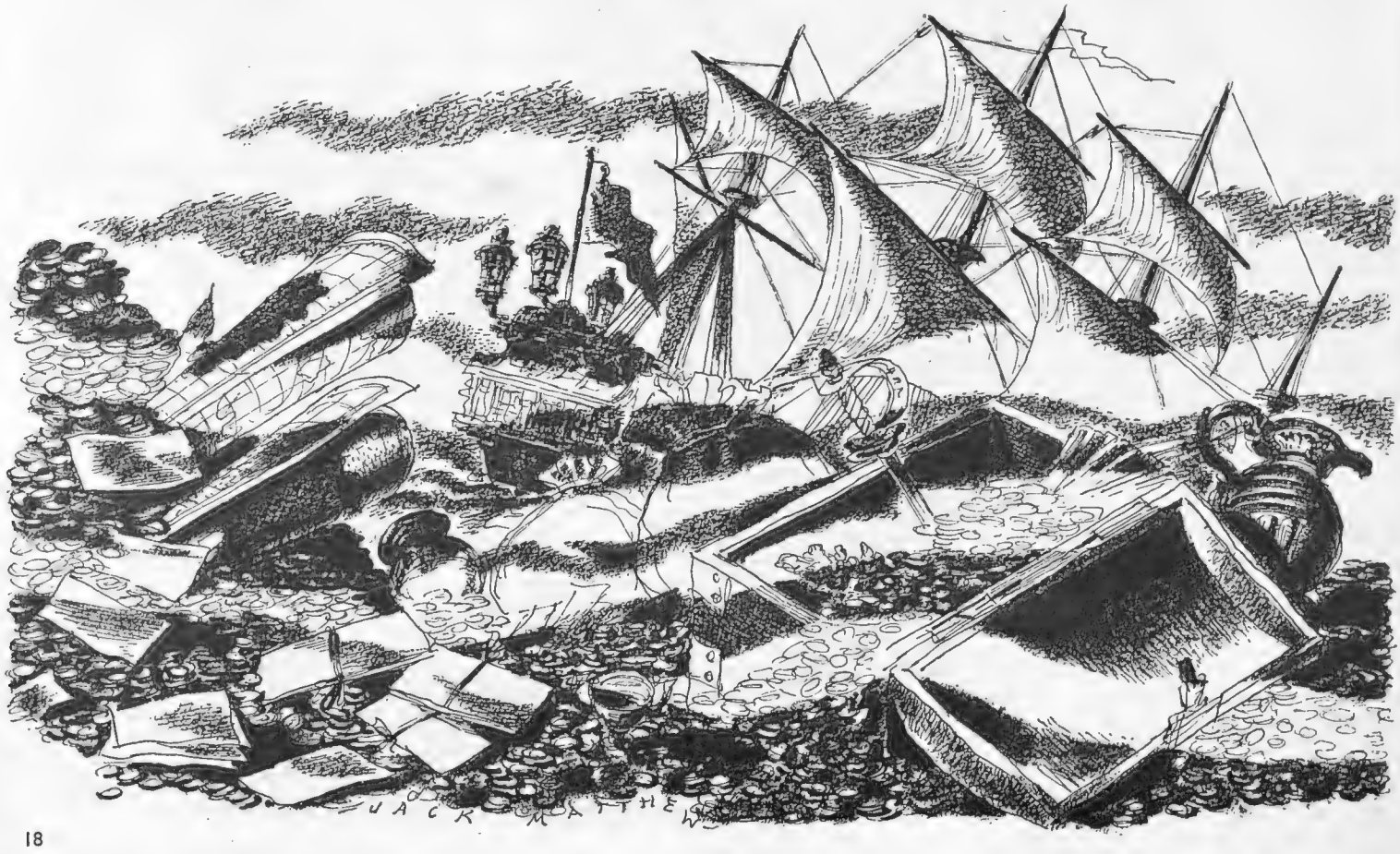
Denying anything and everything—it was only the Pole's word against his if it came to a charge; nothing could be proved—he examined the bills. They looked and felt good, but now all his faculties were roused, he *knew* they were wrong. How could he have been deceived? He had been put off guard by the old confidence-trick technique which induces the victim to aim eye and mind in one direction, thus missing what is happening in another. Focusing on what he was intended to think was stolen U.S. Army money, it never had occurred to him to suspect that the dollar bills he was looking at might be counterfeit.

The Sûreté man who told me the story in Paris thought it a good joke. But there's another angle to it. The crime type it represents—fraud, utilizing the forger and confidence-trick psychological techniques—is rising vertically on the post-war crime map. So menacing has it grown—largely because so much of it involves forged currency, official papers and permits, and has international ramifications—that Scotland Yard's C.I.D. lately split off a new special section to deal with it.

It's a crime as characteristic of the times as bootlegging and hijacking were in America's prohibition era, and financial frauds in the great prosperity boom of the late 'twenties. But though it's usually complex, the product of clever brains, patient planning, delicate skill, and gang organization, it's basically only an up-to-date variation of the old "ghost gold" trick. The victim is permitted to glimpse what looks like gold, but when he grabs at it he finds himself clutching either ashes or thin air. That ordinarily astute money black marketeer was beguiled into thinking he was buying looted dollars at a firesale price. Actually, he was innocently paying a bundle of good francs for four packets of waste paper.

But only the recent theft of a U.S. Army payroll enabled the counterfeit gang to play him for a sucker. That was the essential condition. That made the offer of a large quantity of new dollar notes in the black market logical, and even to be expected.

IT was like that with the "Mona Lisa." Until the famous theft, you couldn't sell even a moron a copy with the tale that it was genuine and the picture in the Louvre a fake. But once it was stolen you could, with the right set-up, sell copies to new-rich American magnates who believed that they had the genuine thing. Eleven such copies are known to



have been sold as the authentic masterpiece in the U.S. in the year following the theft. The Windsor jewels will probably be sold several times over before they are recovered—if they ever are recovered: only they won't be the Windsor jewels.

IN the old days, the game was played with the pirate hoard. It was logical in an age when pirates were looting ships and periodically cache-ing an accumulation of bulky valuables. But more money was made by professional merchants of treasure charts and maps, than by discoverers of the chests of doubloons and pieces of eight.

About fifteen years ago there was a revival of the buried-treasure fever, and the "con" men went into the business in a large way. One induced a rich baronet to provide a schooner and finance an expedition. The baronet went along, but was dropped off in a foreign port. He was lucky not to have been dumped overboard and reported lost at sea. The crook had taken care to have legal papers drawn up, making himself the commander of the expedition, with full authority. The fleeced sheep could not even frame charges which would stick.

The modern version marches with the times. Now it's hidden war loot, or packets of oilskin-wrapped pounds or dollars—an army's pay chest, or a bank's stock of currency. There have been enough actual cases to give the plausible and ingenious crook, once he has spotted a receptive citizen, plenty of good bait and convincing talking points.

An American colonel and a W.A.A.C. officer did collect a noble German family's treasure, while billeted in the ancestral castle. Being amateurs, they smuggled it back home, hid it clumsily, and were caught. If they'd been clever, or professionals, they'd have concealed it in or out of Germany, and returned for it much later, when the heat was off. The complaint laid by the German family would have got them questioned, but they could have laughed it off. Meantime, the treasure would have lain in its hiding place; and if someone other than the looters had got wind of it, a treasure hunt would have started which might have paid large dividends.

THERE was a lot of currency burning as the Japs closed in on cities and armies. One U.S. paymaster with his sergeant began to destroy 200,000 dollars, in blocks of small-denomination notes. He was killed by a sniper before he could finish the job. The sergeant survived the p.o.w. camp and in due course arrived home and was demobilized. He fell in with a numbers-racket gang in New York and sold the head man an odd story. He hadn't gone on burning that money when the paymaster died. He'd dug a hole and buried the rest. There was at least 100,000 dollars wrapped in oilskin waiting to be picked up; and with money, and travel permits, he could recover it.

The racketeer equipped him with both money and forged papers. It was a good gamble! Two months later the F.B.I. had an operative trailing him. For instead of heading direct for San Francisco and west-bound shipping, the sergeant had stopped off at the big city in four different States, and sold or tried to sell stakes in his sure-fire treasure-recovering expedition. He had shown his papers. They made his tale look good.

The F.B.I., tipped off by the local police, didn't want him taken in. There was a chance that he might really have something, in which case he would have to be trailed to his journey's end. But as it turned out the sergeant's journey ended in a 'Frisco hotel bedroom. He was found shot and robbed there one morning. His murderer may have been after his money, or wanted the chart he was supposed to carry showing the location of the buried money. *If* the money was buried and not burned.

The F.B.I. man who told me that one thought it would be years before his department heard the last of these war caches of loot, real or alleged. It's astonishing how long these ghosts can be kept walking. Mr. Ernest Slater, an Australian butcher (*Continued on page* 64)

Decoration by Jack Matthew

A view from the air of The Cape of Good Hope, Cape Town and Table Mountain. Sir Francis Drake named it the finest promontory in the world

Good Hope

The Cape—Its History And Romance—Which The Royal Family Are Visiting This Month

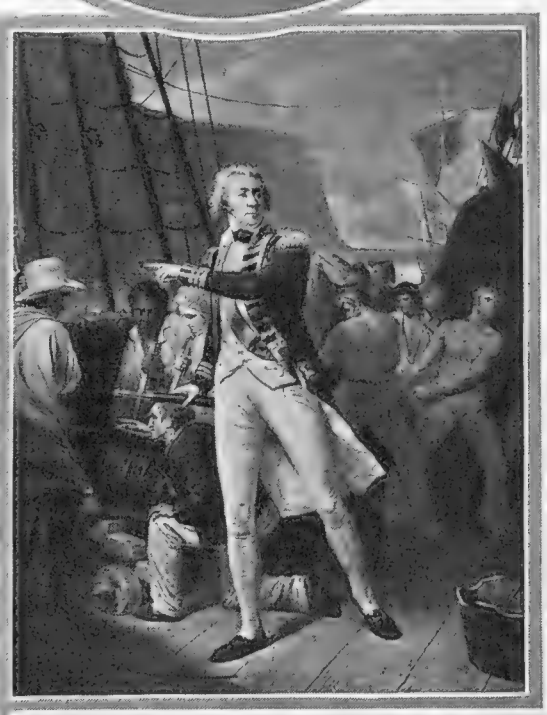
By C. Fox Smith

A LITTLE more than four-and-a-half centuries ago, two small storm-tossed vessels, voyaging under the auspices of a Portuguese Prince with English blood in his veins, sighted from the southward the great rock-bastion known today as the Twelve Apostles, which, together with the mighty promontory at its western extremity now called the Lion's Head, make up the granite mass of Table Mountain. If tradition be reliable, Bartholomew Diaz, the commander of the expedition, named the headland "Cabo Tormentoso," the Cape of Storms. Likely enough he was not in the most cheerful of moods at the moment; for his little cockleshells of craft, not much bigger and a good deal less weatherly than an average-sized Thames barge, had had a rough time of it, and his crew had turned mutinous and insisted on his going back to Portugal. That was hardly surprising, for the ships had reached the latitude of the Cape at the very worst season of the year. Heavy weather from the west and south, piling up the seas and smashing them on the Agulhas Bank, can create conditions not unlike those of the Bay of Biscay at its worst, and the short, sharp, ugly seas thus brought into being are, as the captains of ships a hundred times the size of Diaz's storm-beaten squadron would endorse, far more dangerous and unpleasant than the mile-long rollers of the great South Seas.

A statue in Cape Town of Jan van Riebeck, the first Dutch governor of the Cape. This memorial was presented to the city by Cecil Rhodes

FOR nearly two hundred years after Diaz first glimpsed it, the Cape of Storms remained little more than a name on the charts. Voyagers of many nations sighted it—Vasco da Gama, Drake, Cavendish, Lancaster—and now and then ships put in there for water or temporary repairs. A few left traces of their visits which have survived until the present day, in the shape of the engraved slabs known as "Post Office Stones," one of which is to be seen still in the vestibule of the General Post Office in Adderley Street. These stones belong to the time of the first voyages of the East India Company's ships, and mostly bear dates between the years 1605 and 1632. Their purpose—as indicated by the instructions the East India Company issued to their captains—was to serve as places where letters might be left with any information likely to be useful to other commanders, and many of them bear inscriptions to that effect, either in (*Continued on page* 62)

The new university building in Cape Town is situated on the slope of Devil's Bank



Lord Keith at the attack of the Pass of Muizenberg on August 7, 1795. This action lead to the capture of Cape Town from the Dutch a few weeks later

(The Parker Gallery, 2 Albermarle Street, W.1)

Blessed Are The Meek

A Comedy Of Navy Regulations

By Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

CAPTAIN OERLIKON-BROWN sighed theatrically as his secretary entered the day cabin with a basketful of papers. He knew that this much was expected of him by his faithful scribe; naval officers are supposed to abhor red tape and paper work. Many of them do but some, and Oerlikon-Brown was amongst them, take a lively interest in spreading themselves on paper. On the other hand, captain's secretaries do not approve of naval officers who read what they, the secretaries, put in front of them for it is their firm conviction that the service is run entirely by that industrious and highly intelligent branch whose members in the past were called clerks and paymasters. (Nowadays the vogue is to add the letter (S) to the normal executive rank of the individual.)

"My flaming aunt," dutifully exclaimed Captain Oerlikon-Brown, "more paper, Merridew?"

"Yes, sir, good morning, sir. I'm afraid it is rather heavy this morning."

"Hells bells," the captain knew his cue. "The Service is going to the dogs. The men who invented typewriters and carbon paper have a lot to answer for. D'you know what I'd do if I was commander-in-chief, Merridew?"

It was a purely rhetorical question for he never would be commander-in-chief, moreover, as he asked the same question in different forms every morning, all possible answers had been widely explored. Nevertheless, young Harold Merridew knew his onions sufficiently to have his answer pat:—

"No sir?"

"I'd make everybody write on slates, that's what I'd do; that'd cut down the paper work and put you ink-slingers out of a job, eh?"

Merridew laughed deferentially and said it sounded a good idea, the chap who had invented typewriters certainly had a lot to answer for.

"Who *did* invent typewriters, anyway?" asked Oerlikon-Brown. He found it a good policy to ask that sort of question. It helped to pass the time and he picked up a lot of gratuitous information that way which he was able to use in the course of conversation over the dining-table.

"There are, sir, no less than seven self-styled inventors of the typewriting machine," said Harold Merridew. "One of them, Thomas Merridew, was a sort of ancestor of mine."

"Oh, was he, that's damned interesting," said Oerlikon-Brown, and changed the subject abruptly. That was the worst of these pursers, they were all connected with trade in some way or another.

"Well, let's get on with this stuff," he said gruffly and picked out the first delicious sample.

THE Risotto-Spanielli was drawn up at the gangway. In the driver's seat, charmingly attired in a neat navy blue outfit with jaunty little hat becomingly floating upon a mass of golden curls, was Miss Boggis

It was a formal "Service" letter.

Sir (it began),

I have the Honour to request that I may be permitted to retire from the Service as from the first of November next.

I have the Honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HAROLD MERRIDEW,

Sub.-Lieutenant (S) R.N.

He read it twice and then turned to his secretary who stood impassively at his side.

"This your letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one and a half, sir, nearly twenty-two."

"And you wish to retire?"

"Yes, sir, please sir."

"Good God. I suppose it's a woman?"

"Oh no, sir. It's nothing like that."

"Well, what is it. Aren't you satisfied with the pay?"

"Well, it isn't exactly that, sir. It's the Thomas Merridew Trust."

"I don't understand a word you're saying; speak up boy. Who is Thomas Merridew and what is this Trust?"

"I was telling you, sir. He invented a type of typewriter. He died fifty years ago."

"And now you want to retire."

"That's right, sir."

Captain Oerlikon-Brown exhibited signs of impatience.

"Kindly explain to me why the death of one of your elderly relatives half a century ago causes you to write this letter to-day?"

Harold Merridew was contrite. "I'm awfully sorry, sir. I thought everybody had heard of the 'T.M. Trust'—the papers are always so full of it."

"Of course I've heard of the T.M. Trust," said Oerlikon-Brown, "who hasn't."

"T.M.," explained his secretary, "stands for Thomas Merridew. Owing to the death of three of my distant relations the whole Trust has reverted to me. I'm the last Merridew."

"So then you must be worth millions."

"About fifty."

"Good God!"

The captain was lost in his own thoughts. His imagination boggled at £50,000,000, it was difficult to write the correct number of noughts. At last he spoke.

"So you want to retire."

Harold Merridew suppressed a sigh of weariness.

"Yes, sir."

"Because of all this—money?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't see why. It'll supplement your pay quite handsomely."

"Quite handsomely as you say, sir. That's the trouble. You see my pay per annum is something in the region of £180. From—er—private sources—my income would be the same amount *every hour*. You see my point, sir?"

Captain Oerlikon-Brown started an abstruse calculation on his blotting pad and then abandoned it with distaste. So much money as that in the possession of a sub-lieutenant was difficult to contemplate. It made one feel resentful.

"I'll forward your letter," he said, drily. "But I doubt if the Admiralty will allow you to retire. We're very short of paymasters now. The war may be over, but we must still have a Navy, you know, and the Navy still wants its soap and baccy."

"But surely, sir, if you explain the circumstances, Their Lordships will see their way to let me go."

"I very much doubt it," said his captain. "Now let's get on with the work in hand."

A fortnight elapsed during which time Harold Merridew's letter went through the usual channels swimming strongly up to the fountain head who gave it thirty seconds consideration and one word, "No!" Then the letter swam down stream and finally reappeared with its accompanying dockets once more in the captain's basket.

"Well, Merridew, I'm sorry you are disappointed," said the captain with great affability. "Of course, you must see the Admiralty's point of view."

Harold Merridew inclined his head.

"I see their point of view, sir," he said, "but I doubt their wisdom."

He was out of the cabin before his captain had come to the conclusion that his secretary had made a most improper remark.

HAROLD MERRIDEW, in his curiously diffident manner, was able to dispel the feeling which otherwise must have been present that he was showing off the power of the purse before his impecunious captain

THREE weeks later Captain Oerlikon-Brown was picking his way through the dockyard puddles on his way back to his ship when he saw that a considerable crowd was gathered in the car park opposite. At least half his ship's company seemed to have nothing else to do but foregather on that part of the jetty and, in addition, half the bosun-of-the-yard's riggers were leaning on convenient bollards and spitting fitfully as they discussed something.

He felt that it was beneath his dignity as a post-captain to assuage his curiosity and reluctantly walked aboard his ship without so much as a peep in the direction of the car park. He was greeted at the top of the gangway by his second in command.

"What's all that crowd across the way, Number One?" he asked as they walked the quarter-deck together.

The first lieutenant coughed uneasily. "It's the secretary's new car, sir," he said.

"Ah, so he's bought himself a motor car, has he. Can't blame him. I'd do it myself if I came into a bit of money. But why the crowd?"

"It's rather a special car, sir. It's an eight-and-a-half-litre, straight-sixteen super-charged Risotto-Spanielli. It has a super-sports coupé. It is in yellow and chrome plate and it has emerald green upholstery in morocco leather. It is fitted with a cocktail cabinet and a super-het-close-coupled radio with a television panel, and it has a rather fine silver statuette of a nude female on the end of its bonnet. The gear box——"

"Really, Number One, you sound as if you'd been looking at it yourself."

"I have, sir," said Number One. "It's smashing. I've never seen anything like it. I can't keep the ship's company away from it, and as for the dockyard mates they talk of staging a sit-down strike as a protest against such a display of wealth."

The captain fingered his chin thoughtfully. "D'you think it is bad for discipline; if it is, I'll tell the secretary to keep it out of sight."

Number One coughed. "I have already suggested that course to him, sir, but he wasn't amenable to my suggestion."

"Indeed? What did he say?"

"He quoted the Home Dockyard Regulations. He seems to be on a good wicket, sir. He's entitled to keep a car in the dockyard."

"I should call the possession of a car of the type you describe as being vulgar ostentation. Now vulgar ostentation is surely 'conduct unbecoming an officer.' We'll put that to him in that way if needs be, but for the moment let things ride. The troops will soon get used to the thing if they see it there every day."

But it wasn't only the troops and the dockyard "mateys" who were disturbed by the presence of the glittering monster. Complaints began to roll in from all sides. It was impossible to reconcile the appearance of this tremendous affair with that of the insignificant young paymaster who sat so modestly at its wheel. Whenever he drove into the Royal Naval Barracks, the guard automatically turned out and presented arms. The dockyard police were so impressed by its melodious horns that they held up all traffic to permit its passage, and under the head "all traffic" they included the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard who was obliged to dismount from his bicycle to avoid collision with the mighty vehicle. His choler on finding out that the driver was a paymaster sub-lieutenant knew no bounds. He said so at length on the telephone to Captain Oerlikon-Brown, who answered thus:—

"Very good, sir.
"Aye, aye, sir."
"Yes, I'll speak to him."
"Oh yes, sir, quite tactfully."
"No, of course not, sir."
"I'm very sorry, sir."
"Good-bye, sir."

Sub-Lieutenant (S) Harold Merridew was most accommodating. If the presence of the car in the car park was a source of annoyance he would see to it that it was no longer kept there. He quite understood and would see that in future the car was not left hanging about and causing other people to cast covetous eyes on it.

The captain found when he had gone that he had inadvertently thanked his secretary for being so helpful. He shook his head and experienced a sense of foreboding that he hadn't heard the last of the car or of its owner.

He was quite right. Within twenty-four hours he was called to the phone to speak to the commander-in-chief himself, and when he put the receiver down twenty minutes later his hand was shaking like that of a palsied man, and when he stepped on deck to find some life-giving fresh air, his eyes were able to confirm that which the admiral had already poured into his starboard ear.

The Risotto-Spanielli was drawn up at the gangway. In the driver's seat, charmingly attired in a neat navy blue outfit with jaunty little hat becomingly floating upon a mass of golden curls, was Miss Boggis. Everybody knew about "the Boggis," that delightful, tasty little portion who had for the past two years driven the commander-in-chief's motor car and by so doing had gladdened the hearts of all who beheld (not least of all the Great Man himself).

Now, to use his own words, "After accepting deferment from demobilization so as to continue (*Continued on page 74*)

(Left) Sunset at Lerwick—the capital of the Shetland group is situated on Mainland, the largest of the Islands. It has a population of 6,000 and is Britain's most northerly town

Shetland Folk

How The Inhabitants Of Britain's Most Northerly Isles Work And Live

By Richard Perry

SINCE Christmas, song and dance, to fiddle and accordion, have been the order of the day, and night, among the six thousand inhabitants of Lerwick, grey-stone capital of the Shetland Islands. Guisers, in Viking array with winged helmets and round shields, have marched in torchlight procession through the port's narrow, paved streets, manhandling a Norse "longboat" to its fiery pyre on the water front—the climax of Up-Helli-Aa, festival of Yule.

Living on the same latitude as their kinsfolk in Norway's Bergen and those on Cape Farewell in Greenland, the twenty thousand inhabitants of Shetland have put behind them, with rejoicing, three months of darkness, when it was never full daylight for more than five hours in the twenty-four and when the sun seldom shone for more than one hour in the day.

The fishermen, in their little haddock boats, shooting their seine nets in the crystal-clear, forty-fathom waters off Shetland's cliff-bound, voe-indented coastline, have hauled their shots in almost perpetual darkness; and there has been little the crofter could do around his white-washed croft house, neatly roofed with tarred felt, lone-standing on the bare gale-swept yellow sweep of hill, which his forefathers, the men of the "toons," denuded of what little natural soil there was—digging away the top soil and carting it down with pony and sled, or in straw "kirshies" on their backs, to add to the runrig arable land about the toons: those still sometimes inhabited hamlets of ten or a dozen cottages, thatched with straw, weighted with stones, clustered higgledy-piggledy, back to back, on green places near the white sands of sound or seashore; lifting the very turf from the hill to serve as bedding for the little blue, white, and black cattle in the cobbled byres, and, when the cattle were tethered out to grass in May—as they still are—spreading the inky-blue bedding as manure on their runrigs; and, finally, digging out the subsoil to a depth of six or eight feet wherever they could find good banks of peat for their open hearths, in these northern isles which are now treeless except for clumps of scrub sycamore, elder, and willow around a few croft houses and farm steadings and an experimental plantation of conifers.

True, it will be some weeks yet before it will be possible to begin cultivating the croftings—which is as much a woman's job as a man's in Shetland, where so many of the menfolk are permanently at sea in the Royal Navy or the Merchant Service, or seasonally at the herring and white fishing or with the whaling fleets. Right now there are four hundred Shetland men whaling at South Georgia, in those other Shetland Islands in the Antarctic, who will not return to their homes until May. And, in any case, a Shetland man—and his wife and daughter too, for that matter—is a seaman with a croft rather than a crofter with a boat; and only in a boat is he really happy.

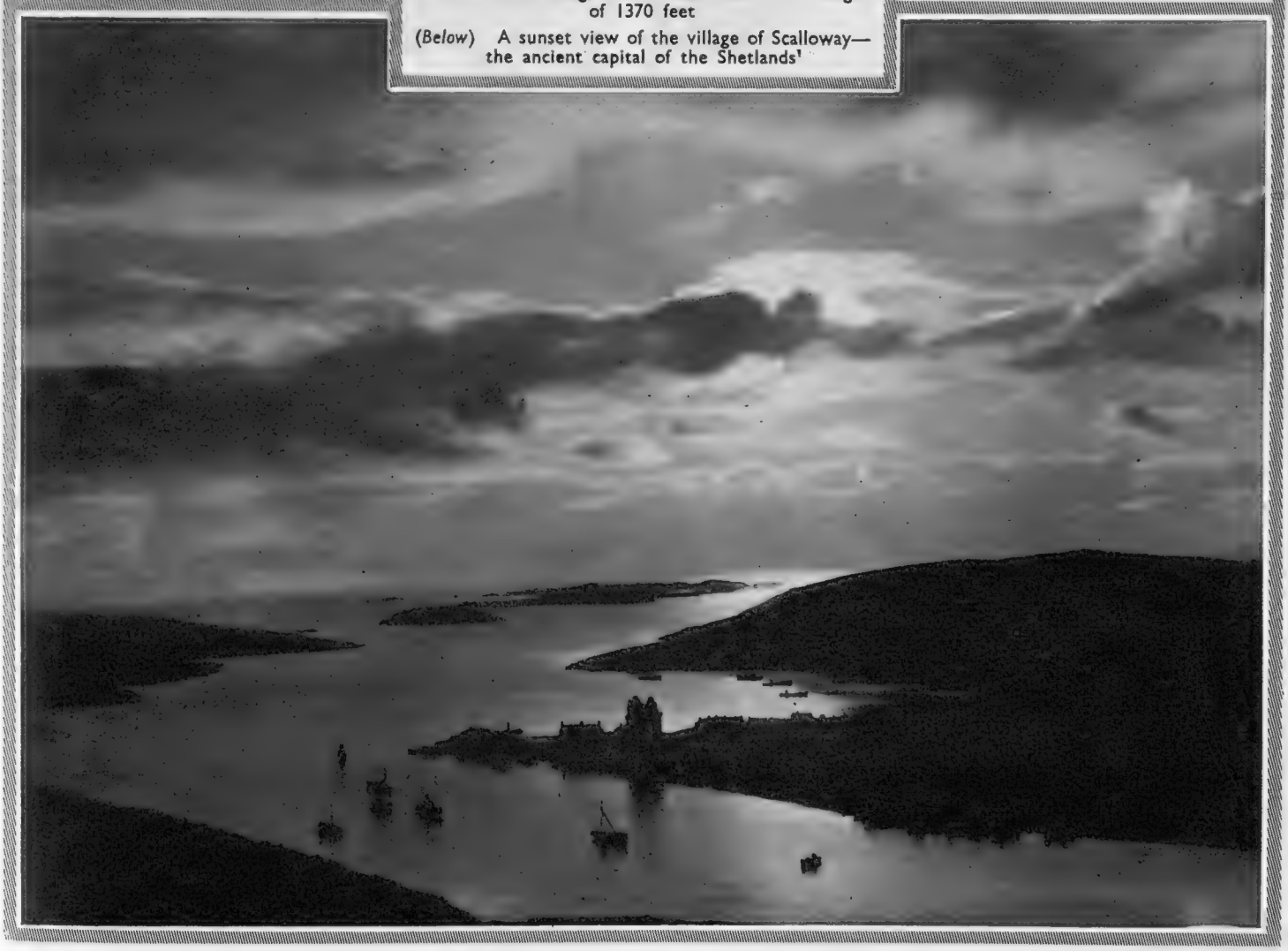
Shetland folk shopping in one of the principal streets of the capital, Commercial Street, Lerwick

BY March, however, a pair of old men, with piercing blue eyes in wrinkled weather-beaten faces as brown as berries, or a trio of hobble-skirted old crones, with brown or black head-shawls, have emerged from a winter's hibernation round the peat stove to begin working with their long-handled narrow-bladed Shetland spades, turning over a great clod of earth with a combined heave, digging not across the narrow strip of crofting, but stepping back together after every heave, prodding over another clod as they do so. On bigger croftings skewbald ponies do the cultivation: just as on some of the remoter islands, such as the craggy Fair Isle, thirty miles south of Shetland, the ploughing is done by teams of oxen; and at Vaor-time, the season of sowing, a tractor may be drawing the harrows in one field, while two girls are dragging a tiny iron-toothed wooden harrow up and down the adjacent crofting strip, covering the precious oat seed before the gulls can gobble it up—those thousands of gulls that form up in great white blocks on the hillside above the herring and guano factories and the old whaling stations, whose gaunt rusted buildings and tall chimneys are such a hideous and incongruous, yet familiar, feature of the remotest voes and islands of Shetland.

As Vaor-work draws towards its close in May—the crofters having now planted out their young cabbages from the "plantie-crubs" (those little stone-walled enclosures dotted all over the islands), and sown their strips of small potatoes, sandy oats, and rye-grass for hay—the whole of Shetland erupts in dark brown weals and embattled arcs of peats cast up from the banks: not, as in the Hebrides, by the women casting them out from their menfolk's peat-irons, but by a man or a woman working alone with the long (*Continued on page* 66)

The Isle of Foula seen from Lerwick. This island lies to the westward of the group and is famed for its rock, the Snueg, which rises sheer to a height of 1370 feet

(*Below*) A sunset view of the village of Scalloway—the ancient capital of the Shetlands[1]



1. A vista at Portmeirion, showing The Chantry on its bold rock terrace, and The Mermaid in foreground.

2. The village green at Portmeirion overlooking the Dwyryd estuary. A romantic pastiche in which walls of pink, apricot and honey colour contrast effectively with the verdant setting.

3. Another view of Portmeirion from The Battery. The steps down to the Harbour can be seen on the left.

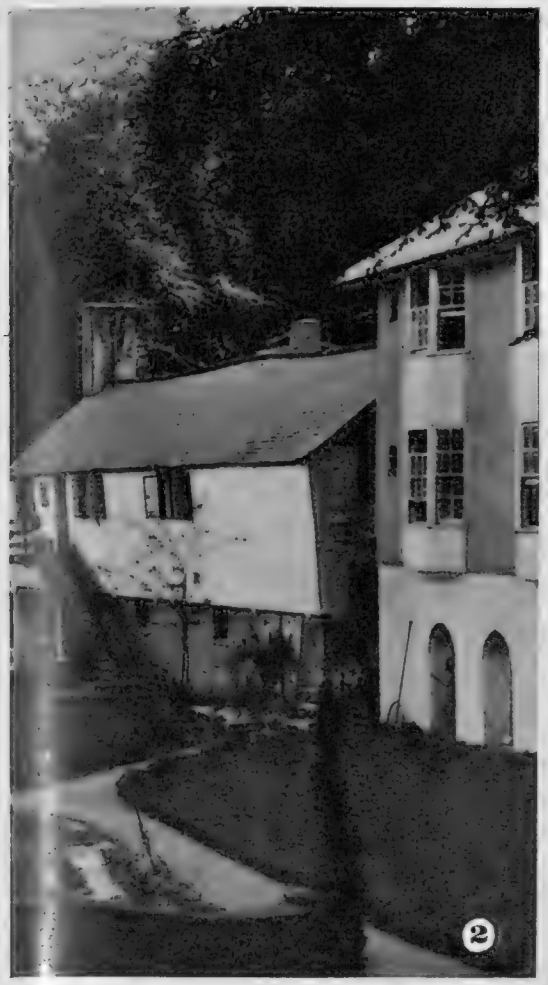
4. Portmeirion Hotel and a view of the estuary from The Dolphin Balcony.

IT is no accident that the architect recently nominated (by the Minister of Town and Country Planning) as chief creator of Stevenage—Britain's first post-war town—should already have given to the country an ideal village. Now sixty-three years of age, Clough Williams-Ellis began dreaming about lovely buildings while yet a child busy with his toy bricks. Brought up in the thinly-populated Welsh countryside, where his ancestors had lived for generations, he soon longed to create in reality the framework of a little community complete with streets, houses and—daring thought for a country-bred youth—a *pukka* town hall. None of your ugly, urban conglomerations, but a place where folk could inhale beauty of form and design.

As Mr. Williams-Ellis once said, "Long before I had even designed so much as a group of cottages, or even heard of Town Planning, I had resolved some day to plan and build my own conception of the ideal village on my own ideal site. . . . Usually I pictured the place as an island—for only so, I thought, should I ever be safe from contamination by speculators, settling like blue-bottles round my delectable morsel, so that my dream would soon be fringed with nightmare. I saw it in my mind's eye as sea-girt, rocky and mountainous, yet so sheltered as to be luxuriously wooded, prudently remote, yet reasonably accessible; if possible with a waterfall, a ruined castle, and a nucleus of old buildings to give me a cue and a start."

And then, quite by chance, the miracle happened. Several years later, while seeking anchorage for his yacht, he found the ideal place—a densely-wooded defile overlooking the Dwyryd estuary, beneath the Snowdonia mountains. "The site I secured," said Mr. Williams-Ellis, "not only fulfilled—incredibly enough—every one of these unusual demands, but even outran them; adding first, what I still believe to be one of the noblest views in Europe, secondly, some fine old quays where wooden ships were once built and laden, and, thirdly, a plateau garden perched above the sea, with so great a stone wall about it that one almost expected to find the crooked streets of a little medieval town packed within, rather than its actual tangle of ancient fruit-trees and overgrown box hedges." And that is how Portmeirion began.

True, Portmeirion is not an island, but a peninsula—yet one that is curtained off from the mainland around Portmadoc by



DREAM VILLAGE

PORTMEIRION — situated in a densely-wooded defile overlooking the Dwyryd estuary, beneath the Snowdonia mountains — is a Welsh holiday village in Mediterranean style

Written and photographed

BY G. BERNARD WOOD

thick belts of trees. The community can never be "contaminated by speculators" for the whole headland is now protected by legal covenant. In taking that wise precaution, can you not see the Welsh boy hedging around his toy-brick city with jealous arms?

Of what, then, does Portmeirion consist to-day?

It is a holiday village in Mediterranean style. Delightful cottages peer from tree-shaded belvederes and terraces; other cottages group themselves around a "village green" with the inevitable pond, romantically conceived, in the centre; loggia and colonnade lead you from one enchanting vista to another; over all, towers the Campanile with its own chime of bells, and down there by the old quay part of a wrecked ship, the *Amis Reunis*, is permanently moored, acting as a kind of extended promenade for the hotel that was originally the mansion of the estate.

Mr. Williams-Ellis is the first to admit that he and his "gang" have had great fun in creating Portmeirion. Visitors and boarders who occupy the cottages or live in the hotel help to make the venture pay for itself. Meanwhile, the "ideal village" grows, yet in every addition the Mediterranean character of the immediate scenery — "Nature's little pleasantry" as Clough Williams-Ellis calls it—is observed. Hence the fun. Far from being a copy of some Italian coastal resort, however, Portmeirion is first and last a product of a vigorous, inventive mind that can use a source of inspiration profitably without slavishly following any previous form of expressing it.

Near the Salutation Inn, for example, is The Chantry where, in the garden, a statue of St. Francis of Assisi looks down from a pedestal as if presiding over the whole community. Continuing, you soon come to Prior's Lodging, Government House, Watch House and The Dolphin—all of which enjoy magnificent views over the estuary, with here and there a quaint figure resembling some Neapolitan sailor, or even the poet Dante, looking out in blissful reverie. . . .

Descend a few steps, and you find yourself alongside The Angel, The Mermaid, Trinity House, and other charming cottages that smack of the sea. Is it necessary to add that no two cottages are alike? Yet there is complete harmony. Again, never were there such captivating archways and connecting tunnels, bridges with masks (*Continued on page* 64)

(*On left*) John Wilkes, Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without

(*Below*) A portrait of John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of the City of London. Reproduced from a print published in November 1774

(*Inset below*) Another portrait, reproduced from a German engraving of John Wilkes, depicting him in the King's Bench Prison. He had been sentenced by the Lord Chief Justice to twenty-two months' imprisonment and a fine of £1000 for printing and privately circulating some scandalous verses

A COCK-EYED SPRITE

Incidents from the life of John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London, four times Member of Parliament, and one of the readiest wits in English Politics

BY WILLIAM MOORE

"A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite
Upon the instant started from the throng,
Dressed in a fashion now-forgotten quite;
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long."
Lord Byron, "Vision of Judgment."

THE "cock-eyed sprite" Byron referred to was John Wilkes, one of the greatest wits in a witty, clever age.

He was born in 1727 and died seventy years later. Hogarth made a caricature of him with a forehead low and short, a nose shorter and lower, an upper lip long and projecting, and eyes sunken and horribly squinting. Yet John Wilkes asserted, "Give me half an hour to make a lady forget my face and I 'll back myself to win any woman's favours against the handsomest man in England."

He got himself elected to Parliament in 1754 and took care never to allow that body to go to sleep again. In his election speech to the constituents at Berwick Wilkes said: "Gentlemen, I come to you

uncorrupting and I promise you I shall never be corrupted. As I will never take a bribe so I will never offer one." The same morning he had persuaded a shipload of his rival's voters to go on a more or less compulsory trip to Norway. "I won the seat," he chuckled afterwards, "by the true way of palmistry, and carried it by sheer weight of metal."

One day Wilkes rose in the House and told the Speaker, "Sir, I hold in my hand a petition from a most intelligent and enlightened body of men." Five minutes before he had whispered to the Speaker, "I've a petition to present from the greatest set of scoundrels on earth."

Lord Chancellor Thurlow, in one of his desertions to what he thought was going to be the party in power, spoke fervently of the favours he had received from George the Third. "When I forget them," he said with unction, "may God forget me."

"Forget you," smiled Wilkes. "He will see you damned first."

Before George the Third was crowned, the Lord Steward of the Household, the fastidious and correct Lord Talbot, had trained his black horse to back respectfully from the royal presence. On coronation day, unhappily, the horse backed into the King, an event which Wilkes always referred to as "a politeness equal to that of Lord Talbot's horse."

The furious Talbot challenged Wilkes to a duel. They corresponded about it for two months, and in the end the noble lord declared that Wilkes was the finest fellow God ever made.

William Hogarth's famous caricature of John Wilkes, published in May, 1765. Wilkes was editor of a weekly paper, the *North Briton*, and in the forty-fifth number, the last one, some strong but not unjust comments were made on the King's Speech on opening of Parliament

HIS remarks on an intrigue for peace are worth recording. The Earl of Bute paid cash down for a parliamentary majority to approve the Peace Treaty and Pitt was carried into the House from a sick bed, dressed in black from head to foot. The Vote for Peace was carried by a majority of 319 votes to 65. "Newcastle's masterly indecision again," was Wilkes's comment. "This is certainly the Peace of God, for it passeth all understanding."

Shortly after the Peace Treaty was signed a Frenchman asked Wilkes, "How far does the liberty of the Press extend in England?"

"I do not know," he replied, "but I am trying to find out."

HE edited a paper called the *North Briton*. When he printed his last and most famous number, the forty-fifth, Wilkes went too far and was found guilty of *lèse majesté*. The words objected to were, "a despotic minister will always endeavour to dazzle his prince with high-flown ideas of the prerogative and honour of the crown, which the minister will make a parade of firmly maintaining. I wish as much as any man in England to see the honour of the Crown maintained in a manner becoming to royalty. I lament to see it sunk even to prostitution." The King gave orders that Wilkes was to be prosecuted immediately.

But the authorities were afraid of Wilkes and arrested fifty people before they attempted to put him in jail. The chief constable became conveniently ill and went off to Scotland for a rest. The "runners" could not bring themselves to take Wilkes. "Tell them I can't go to jail to-day," he said to his servant when they called, "I'm in liquor."

"Where's your warrant?" he eventually said to the "runners." He asked them to come in and kept them talking and arguing for hours.

"Come to my house and be arrested," pleaded Lord Halifax who lived a few doors away.

"We haven't been introduced," wrote Wilkes. "In any case, you ought to have sent a sedan chair."

The sedan chair was brought and Wilkes haughtily travelled the ten yards to Lord Halifax's house.

"Wilkes, I'll give you a choice of prisons," said Halifax.

"I don't accept obligations from my enemies," scoffed Wilkes. "But put me in a room where no Scot has ever been a prisoner, if it's possible to find one."

Wilkes was sent to the Tower. His house was ransacked in the meantime and all his papers confiscated. But Lord Chief Justice Pratt found him "Not Guilty." Wilkes's first act was to sue Lord Halifax, and he got substantial damages, £4,000. He then demanded the instant return of all his "stolen property." The authorities were tactful and decided to re-arrest him, but he had fled the country and gone to live in Italy.

WHEN the storm had died down, Wilkes returned to England and announced himself as parliamentary candidate for the City of London. The people were enthusiastic, but very poor. "They're all turncoats," warned a friend of Wilkes. "Impossible," he exclaimed. "None of them has a coat to turn."

"I would rather vote for the devil than for John Wilkes," declared a heckler.

"And if your friend is not standing?" purred Wilkes.

Meanwhile, the warrant for his arrest was still in order. When Wilkes was returned to parliament he immediately went to Lord Mansfield's house to surrender himself.

"I can't arrest you," said the dumbfounded Mansfield, "you are an outlaw and I can't take official notice of you; you're just not here in my house."

Thereupon Wilkes applied for a writ to arrest himself in the proper form. The court was still undecided and committed him to prison formally while they (*Continued on page 71*)

Thirsty

How An Old Man Was Driven To Drink By The Cruelty Of Others

By Stanley

NAYLOR paused in the doorway. "I'll see if I can get some fags," he called over his shoulder.

"Alright," said his wife dispiritedly without looking up from the ironing-board. She was a stringy little woman with straggling iron-grey hair and a bitter twist to her lips. I ought to help her with that pile of ironing, Naylor thought remotely as he walked out of the house and down to the "Cross Keys." But for me she wouldn't be forced to take in laundry and wear herself out over a washing-board. Still, he was doing quite well in this window-cleaning job. If he could stick it out for a few months they might give him a job inside the firm. He could already see himself at an office desk in a crisp white overall handing out the jobs to the other cleaners. . . .

"The usual," he said to the barmaid. She poured out a lemonade and he sipped it contentedly while he glanced at the evening newspaper which someone had left on the counter. Once or twice he glanced up and nodded to an acquaintance. In a little while he would take the chalks at the dartboard and play a few games before going home to bed. With luck Mary would be asleep by the time he got back. He could not endure a whole evening listening to that rasping voice.

"Not sacked yet?" she would ask sarcastically when he came back in the evenings. "Well, it's a miracle and no mistake."

Sometimes Naylor would have to admit to himself that he hadn't been exactly a model husband. After all, Mary came of respectable folk and had never got over the shock of his first "stretch" for housebreaking. She received him coldly when he came out of gaol, but it had been easy enough to swear that he would go straight for the rest of his life.

He would never forget the look on her face when the detective walked in and arrested him while they were eating their supper in the kitchen. She sat there quite still with her hands clenched tightly in her lap.

"I'm sorry. I swear I didn't hit him," he mumbled. Her mouth trembled a little but she said nothing. Quietly she went into the bedroom and packed his things while the detective stood with his back to the fire warming himself.

"I was drunk. I didn't know what I was doing," she heard Naylor saying. The detective grunted something she couldn't catch. And they went away. It was a long time before she saw him again. Five long years for robbery with violence, although his counsel pleaded with eloquence that Naylor had been drunk when he and the others broke into that warehouse. Someone had hit the watchman with a "cosh" but it wasn't Naylor. . . .

He lounged over to the dartboard and picked up the chalks. One of the players gave him a friendly nod. Although Naylor was a bit odd, never touching a drop of beer, he was quite a good dart-player and always stood his round even if he only drank lemonade himself. He had a lean, weak face, thinning sandy hair and a quick eager smile. Most of the regulars knew he was a window-cleaner and that he had done many odd jobs in his life. What they didn't know was that Naylor never kept a job long because he became restless. And certainly nobody suspected that the genial middle-aged chap in the shabby suit had spent five years in Dartmoor. As soon as he was convicted Mary had moved out of the old neighbourhood.

"Double 14 for game," he called, marking up the score. He was quick at figures and rarely made a mistake.

When the game was over he took the darts and started to play. Just as he was about to throw his first dart he noticed

Work

Lag Again Fell Wayside

Jackson

a bulky, red-faced man come in. Naylor frowned. The dart was poor and the two that followed little better.

"You can't play darts on lemonade," chaffed his partner. Naylor gave him a sickly grin as he reclaimed his darts.

"How are you?" said the big man at the bar raising his tankard. "Still on the wagon, eh?"

"That's right," Naylor said lightly. "You ought to try it sometime, mate."

There was a guffaw from the regulars. They all knew that Radcliffe was a plain clothes officer and treated him with a certain respect. They waited for him to make some come-back, but he turned back to his beer and started chatting to the barmaid.

"A chap can't drink what he likes without some busybody poking his nose in," Naylor said loudly, flicking his cigarette ash. His mind darted back to that night when Radcliffe had walked in with his warrant. Sitting at the bar with the pint tankard in his big fist he looked much the same as when he was sitting in the kitchen; massive, watchful, smug. . . . Naylor felt that he had never hated anyone so much in his life, and a sudden defiance quickened within him.

"Is there a law against anyone drinking lemonade?" he demanded, winking at the other players. There was a short silence broken by the barmaid's tinny voice.

"Get on with the game," she said quickly. "This isn't a debate." Radcliffe nursed his moustache and said nothing, but Naylor could feel those cold blue eyes on him right through the game.

WHEN he looked round again Radcliffe had gone. He played another game, threw badly and had to buy a round of drinks. Damn that copper, he thought savagely as he put half a crown on the counter. He was always snooping around. How he would love to catch me out! Suddenly he remembered what the detective had said to him as they drove to the police station.

"After to-night I'll never touch another drop of drink in my life," Naylor had vowed. "I wouldn't be here now if I hadn't got drunk."

Radcliffe had shrugged. "Save it for the judge," he murmured, patting a yawn. "First thing you'll do when you come out of stir is go to the nearest pub. I know your kind."

Well, he was wrong. Naylor had not found it easy these past few months, but now he could walk into a saloon bar and spend a whole evening on soft gassy drinks. It was the company he enjoyed, he told himself. Now, as he walked down the street he was filled with a dull resentment against Radcliffe. What right

"HOW are you?" said the big man at the bar raising his tankard. "Still on the wagon, eh?"

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

had he to follow him around and make little cracks about lemonade? He'd served his sentence and was as good as anyone else. . . . He lit another cigarette and puffed away on it, muttering to himself. He forgot that Radcliffe had been coming to the "Cross Keys" for years and lived in the district. Nor had the detective ever hinted that he had known Naylor under other circumstances. All he could see was Radcliffe's thick eyebrows arching in cynical amusement every time he saw the lemonade in his glass. . . .

He turned out of the High Street and walked slowly past the big block of flats in Gresham Road. Nearly every window was blazing with lights. Big comfortable flats they were with thick carpets and solid furniture. He'd seen several of those flats while he was cleaning the windows a fortnight ago. How easy it would have been to slip in and help himself, he had thought at the time. People were very careless the way they left valuable stuff lying around. Just asking for trouble. . . .

He tossed away his cigarette-end and glanced up at the tall building. The first-floor windows on the extreme left were dark. That would be Lady Fearnley's flat, he thought absently as he turned the corner. The head porter had mentioned her name when Naylor and the other cleaners arrived. He was proud of the number of titled people who lived in the block. I wonder if she's still away, Naylor asked himself as he walked slowly down the road. Through the windows he had noticed the maid packing a big cabin trunk. She's probably gone on a cruise; might be away for months; it would be dead easy to slip round to the back and up the fire escape. . . . Wasn't there a bathroom window? He had noticed it at the time because one of the bolts had worn loose and wouldn't fasten properly. At the time it hadn't meant anything to him; now he felt the old thrill tingling in his blood. . . .

He made his way carefully past the garages, keeping to the cinder path. I don't want to leave footprints on that soft turf, he reminded himself. Wrapping a handkerchief round his right hand he stepped quickly up the fire escape and gently pushed the little bathroom window. It yielded a trifle. Not repaired yet, he thought joyfully. Careful not to touch the frame with his bare hand he eased the bolt, glanced round quickly and levered himself up to the ledge. It was not easy to wriggle through but he made it after getting himself almost wedged. He was sweating when, at last, he found himself in Lady Fearnley's living-room.

It was very dark and he could feel his jaw twitching. Here he was without a jemmy or even a torch, nothing but his bare hands! Slowly his eyes accustomed themselves to the dark and he could make out the shape of the sideboard, table and chairs. He moved forward stealthily, skirting the furniture.

In the bedroom he drew the curtains and switched on the light. He opened the dressing-table with eager fingers that trembled a little. Blast! Nothing there but a few pieces of junk that Lady Fearnley had not thought worth while taking with her. He rubbed his handkerchief over the surface to blot out any prints, and went back into the living-room.

The bedroom light shone through the door. With thumping heat he rushed to the window and swished the curtains close. The first nervousness had gone. He felt tough and masterful as he "cased" the room with expert eyes. A bit of cutlery in the sideboard and, maybe, some liquor, he decided. Not worth risking a stretch for that. . . . He moved over to the wall and groped behind an Impressionist picture. Nothing there. . . . But Lady Fearnley must have some place to keep papers and cash. . . . He tried to force open the writing desk but the lock was firm.

He lit a cigarette and surveyed the desk thoughtfully. Maybe he could force it with a knife. He found one in the top drawer of the sideboard but hesitated just as he was about to insert it in the lock. He could plainly hear the sound of the radio from the next flat. These damned modern flats were all alike, he told himself savagely; you couldn't be sure that the people next door wouldn't hear him trying to crack that lock. . . .

Frustrated and breathing heavily, he replaced the knife and opened the little side cupboard. It was stocked with whisky, gin and brandy. Worth a bit that little lot, he decided. He took out a bottle of Scotch and examined the label. Ah, this (*Continued on page* 69)

MARY gripped the sides of the chair until her knuckles showed white. Her eyes crawled from her husband's flushed face to the glittering object in the detective's hand

Ornamental leatherwork was destined to serve all sorts of unexpected purposes, from vase-stands to album-covers

Elegant Arts For Ladies

By Deane Anderson

ONE of the greatest charms of the Victorian age was the almost unlimited leisure it gave to a large proportion of the population.

Such a statement will scarcely commend itself, I know, to those with a taste for the seamy side of history—and there are many who seem to think that Merrie England was a runner-up with Buchenwald and Belsen for misery and horror. These will quote the sorry lot of the Victorian maidservant, with her endless day of polishing and stair-climbing, and also the factory worker of the midlands caught up in the wheels of the Industrial Revolution. These unfortunates certainly seem to have footed the bill for the leisured glories of the nineteenth century—although the ancient maid-servants I knew in my youth, with the good-natured tyranny they exerted over their employers, seemed unconscious of any grievance—but for the great and growing middle classes the coarser realities of life remained remote.

Life was pleasantly punctuated with meals and drives and the paying of calls, with dinner parties and picnics, with churchgoing and lectures, with shopping and reading; but there remained long periods of leisure time to be filled. "Idleness" was discouraged, and the Victorian matron believed strongly that "Satan finds work for idle hands to do."

THE young lady of the period was not considered accomplished unless she could run through a few pieces on the piano ("Mendelssohn is always pretty"), paint a little in water-colour, and from time to time produce a piece of the Berlin woolwork which is now so sought after in the antique shops.

But there were other and more esoteric crafts which have almost been forgotten, especially in these days when the "elegant gentlewoman's" accomplishments generally have to include scrubbing the floor and cooking the dinner. A volume entitled *Elegant Arts for Ladies*, published in London in 1859, gives a very wide choice of home crafts, many of which demanded considerable skill, and some producing results almost incredible in complexity.

"The Art of Making Feather Flowers" and weaving ornaments in human hair are fairly well known, but what is one to make of "Potichomanie"—invented, according to the book, at Tours, "the lovely capital of the garden of France, la Touraine"? This extraordinary craft consisted of "placing painted flowers, or cut-out patterns of chintz, on large earthenware jars and glazed over to imitate stone china." According to the author "those who are already engaged on this fascinating employment will well understand how social and amusing it may become if carried on amongst a circle of intimate friends," and that "gentlemen always enliven the circle, and assist the fair manufacturer with their advice and aid, although we doubt their ability in the niceties of cutting out, and we conclude the varnish and paint brush may sometimes be doomed to conglomerate matters in their hands."

Ornaments in Rice Shell Work were very popular and used for a variety of purposes

"ORNAMENTAL Leather Work" was destined to serve all sorts of unexpected purposes, from vase-stands to album-covers, and is dealt with in a long section bristling with diagrams. The example illustrated stands on the floor and serves as a support for flower vases and a goldfish bowl. The basis of the design is a branch of a tree, painted and decorated with trails of ivy and bindweed imitated in in gilt leather. The author adds "When the design is nicely made and varnished with black Japan varnish, it looks very handsome."

An introduction gives serious advice on seeking for inspiration in design in Nature. "Look at the twining branches, the 'Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees' in the meadows; observe the graceful outline of each wild flower and parasitic plant; every one affords a lesson in designing."

Potichomanie: This extraordinary craft consisted of placing painted flowers, or cut-out patterns of chintz, on large earthenware jars and glazed over to imitate stone china

Callisthenic Exercises: Were surprisingly modern in idea, and recommended light clothing—the illustration gives an idea how light this is meant to be—for fresh air, and for a gradual increase in the degree of energy in subsequent exercises

"Ornaments in Rice Shell Work" were very popular and used for a variety of purposes. The small grain-like shells, *Voluta Nivea*, were, and possibly still are, imported from the West Indies and sold "in Smithfield from those miscellaneous dealers who purchase curiosities brought from abroad by sailors." The small white shells lend themselves particularly to the more conventionalized form of flower sprays. Bound on fine silken wire and left in their natural colour, they made charming and delicate flowers and heads of corn, and very often, like the example illustrated, were made into openwork baskets outlined with blossoming sprays. The natural white of the shells, shadowed with cream, which were seldom tinted, were almost exactly (*Continued on page* 69)

Success Story

Aurelia Had An Odds On Chance Of Becoming A Part Of This Smooth Security Until . . .

By Frances Richardson

IT was a horrible night. Aurelia had tramped home from the theatre through torrential rain with the noisy derision of the gallery still in her ears and had thrown herself dismally into bed. But the storm and the certainty that, at the end of the week, the show would come off, put sleep right out of the question.

At half-past three, she got up, had a bath to the annoyance of the flats above, and put on her good pyjamas for their helpful effect on morale. These were white tailored satin without any darns, and in them and a kind light, Aurelia looked twenty-five, a tall, rather thin twenty-five with a wide mouth and small, impudent nose. She was examining these features in the bathroom mirror when the police whistle shrilled and, as she opened the front door on a crash of thunder, lightning flickered over the dingy portico and round the street corner came running feet that bounded up the steps, colliding with Aurelia who found herself clutching a wet coat sleeve.

"In you go!" she said to the startled gasp and, the door closed, looked at him, young and scared in the light from the bathroom.

"It's not murder?"

"Lord, no!" he panted. "We——"

"Quick then! It's no use pretending you're not here, there was someone across the street." She bundled her old camel-hair dressing-gown into his arms. "Into the bathroom—wash your face—*anything*." A double knock was echoed in the crashing heavens and Aurelia opened the front door and grinned engagingly as she recognized the policeman on the beat.

"Well, it can't be my black-out," she greeted him. "We're at peace, believe it or not!"

The constable looked stolid. "A wanted man, Miss Lytton, was seen to run in here."

Aurelia leaned against the door-post, very soignée with her fair hair bunched on top of her head. She met the official eye and ruefully smiled. Slowly her glance went to the neatly framed reflection, in the hall mirror, of a dressing-gowned male wildly soaping its face.

"In a storm like this," said Aurelia, "anyone would run. But—you see? Perhaps your man slipped by."

The policeman was young and nice minded and had admired Aurelia since the flying bombs. Censure and exculpation struggled in his face. Actresses, you could see him thinking, not like ordinary folk.

"If he's in the Square garden," urged Aurelia.

The constable drew himself up, sketched a salute and Aurelia breathed, "Woof!" as again she closed the door.

A standard lamp glowed gently over rust-coloured carpet and off-white chairs, kind to their shabbiness and to Aurelia.

"You're *wonderful*," avowed her protegé huskily from the door.

Slightly canned, diagnosed Aurelia, silk-lined and susceptible and plainly a gent—for she reverted occasionally to the idiom of her youth, when she was just little Annie Beanes—a handsome gent, if you liked young giants with untidy red hair.

"Give me back my dressing-gown," she said kindly, feeling every year of her thirty-four, "and sit down. There aren't any drinks."

He remained standing with worshipful gaze: "You're absolutely the most marvellous——"

"I keep my head," she explained, "and the cop knew me."

"Yet you let him think——"

"All young policemen should think the worst; it gets them promotion. What happened to you?"

He sat down, then bobbed up again to give Aurelia a cigarette. The hand that held the lighter was well shaped, and the lighter was undoubtedly gold.

"It was hell's own luck," he told her aggrievedly. "Four of us met at the 'Spitting Cat.' It was a good party—I'd not seen Andrew since he was a prisoner of war. And there was a police raid. Mary, the girl with me said, 'Beat it,' and someone shoved me through a window and I legged it over the roofs."

"And if you'd been caught?"

He made an alarming grimace: "Transportation! Remittance man without any dole! You know—a gloomy job in some far-flung outpost of the family firm. The road to my father's particular hell happens to be paved with night clubs, and the damned dance down it waving betting slips." Pleased with this flight of fancy, he paused on it, then added, "This is the third time—and my father is Sir Jacob Long."

"Is he, indeed!" said Aurelia, picking up her cue to be impressed.

"And I'm Jerry Long and uncommonly grateful. I mean——"

"Forget it," smiled Aurelia graciously.

"Forget that bobby's face? I say, what an actress you are!"

"I am," agreed Aurelia, "but managers won't see it."

He came bolt upright at this: "You actually *are*? I *must* see your show——"

"You'll have to be quick," she told him gloomily, and the bleak reminder set her studying him afresh.

"And you'll have dinner with me?" he implored.

This promise given and the engagement fixed, Aurelia deftly got rid of him. Dinner, she felt, would do excellently as a beginning.

Dinner became a habit, together with Saturday afternoons up river, even one torpid day at Lords; for Aurelia was growing truly fond of Jerry Long—though much, it must be conceded, as a starving cat loves the giver of cream.

Sir Jacob Long, she now knew, was a discouraging person who had made half-a-million between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five and, according to his son, held depressing views on the sanctity of toil and the iniquity of the theatre. But, as he also believed in the steadying influence of marriage, something handsome would be done for Jerry on his achieving that commendable state.

As Aurelia had foreseen, her show had come off with no job in sight but, one evening, almost before she expected it, Jerry, leaning ardently across the soup plates, launched his request for her hand.

Aurelia's wistful grey eyes lifted to his: "Darling Jerry—I'm older than you."

She was prepared to confess to twenty-nine and laugh that off when the time came, so was grateful for his scornful, "What of it? It's just an accident that you were born first. I absolutely adore you, and if you can endure me——"

"Yes," said Aurelia, comforted by this logic. "But your father hates the stage."

"Wait till he sees you!" declared his infatuated son. "We'll make it a week-end first, with a party for camouflage—not too big, he's got to notice you."

And so it was agreed, with the reservation that, until Sir Jacob had had a good look at Aurelia, nothing in the nature of a theatrical red rag should be waved.

"In any case," Jerry pointed out, "you seem to have left the stage."

Though tactless, this seemed harrassingly true.

Aurelia, giving a creditable performance of lady-accustomed-to-Rolls, wished that Jerry had not thought fit to include his ex-prisoner of war friend, Andrew Deering, in the camouflage party for her first visit to "The Towers." He had joined them just now on the country station a long bony individual, older than she had expected, with a long bony face and cynical eyes that plainly told her she could hope to put little across Andrew Deering.

Mary Wadham, a near neighbour, would make the fourth of this party, and it was to be hoped she would divert Andrew's disconcerting attention; for, curiously self-conscious, Aurelia found herself overplaying her role to the point of imitating his drawl, and was relieved to see the car turn in under the gatehouse of "The Towers."

Sir Jacob Long's house had been built in the nineteenth century in a variety of architectural whims, but inside it was pure, opulent late Victorian—the goal set himself by Sir Jacob at fifteen.

At fifty-five he was a stiff, pallid man with a compressed mouth and intolerant eyes and, Aurelia, meeting him before dinner under the glassy gaze of the ancestors he had bought with the house, thought he had managed to grow so like them that a massive gilt frame would suit him, too.

Lady Long, on the other hand, was an apologetic woman with beautiful anxious eyes and auburn hair faded to grey. An expensive dressmaker had done his worst with her, and she looked as if she were wearing some other woman's sophisticated clothes. Mary Wadham appeared at dinner and afterwards, in the vast cream and gilt drawing-room, before they were joined by the men, their hostess said:

"Take Miss Lytton out on the terrace, Mary, to see the sunset over the lake."

The sunset was duly there, faultlessly red and gold as if part of the demesne, but Mary Wadham turned her back on it and, with grave hazel eyes on Aurelia said:

"Jerry's talked a tremendous lot about you . . . are you expecting to marry him? Because he's engaged to me."

"QUICK then," said Aurelia. "It's no use pretending you're not here, there was someone across the street." She bundled her old camel-hair dressing gown into his arms

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

MARY WADHAM turned her back on the sunset and with grave hazel eyes on Aurelia said, "Jerry's talked a tremendous lot about you . . . are you expecting to marry him?"

She looked considerably startled when she had said this as if the words had escaped too soon and added:

"It's just that he's being so very *proprietorial* over you that, out of fairness——"

"What does 'really engaged' mean?" hedged Aurelia. This girl was in no way remarkable, she assured herself: clear skin, pleasant features, small neat figure, and a pretty voice. There was nothing to fear.

"It's been understood," said Mary, "since—oh, before the war."

"A boy and girl affair," smiled Aurelia indulgently.

"But serious."

"Before the war you might almost have been at school!"

"I was."

That stung. Mary Wadham was, at most, twenty-three—and Jerry such an infant at twenty-five.

"Do you love him, too?" said Mary.

"But, naturally," Aurelia had moved mentally upstage.

"Then *please* let him go. You *must* know it wouldn't do. It's really me he cares for—you were different and exciting and he was grateful—but you can't marry him—you know you can't."

"This is an extraordinary conversation!" said Aurelia, suddenly angry, for this girl had everything and it was grossly unfair. "I'm sorry if Jerry has disappointed you but what more is there to say?"

"That Jerry's *years* too young for you—and you know it!"

She was interrupted by the appearance of the hero himself and, presently, was singing madrigals to Andrew's unexpectedly sensitive accompaniment, and the conversation might never have taken place. But Aurelia, meeting Andrew's mocking eye over the grand piano, felt that he was aware of it, and very ready to put a spoke in her wheel.

With Jerry at the window, Aurelia watched the colour fade out of the sky. The candlelight coming into its own gave the room a shadowed beauty. A wave of sadness washed over her. Would she ever become part of this smooth security? Was it even certain that she would be happy if she could? Lady Long, fidgeting half-heartedly with a scrap of needlework, looked anything but a fortunate woman when her face sagged so revealingly in repose. Had she deliberately sent the two girls out to that conversation on the terrace? If so, Aurelia had three enemies here.

Next morning her native optimism reasserted itself when a cheerful maid drew the chintz curtains and told her it was a lovely day.

She was down early and was greeted at the foot of the staircase by Lady Long with a hesitant, "Good morning. I'm afraid no one is down—would you like to come into the garden?

"Paston, the head gardener," she went on as they descended the steps into the sunshine, "doesn't like me picking his flowers so I have a little garden of my own. Still I like to go there when he won't be about and he'll be at breakfast now." Her nervous little laugh was meant to show that this was, of course, a joke as she hurried Aurelia past stately herbaceous borders and formal rose beds until she opened, with a key, a little green door in a (*Continued on page 71*)

Lend Us Your Ears

EAR-RINGS of every colour and variety are being worn. No woman can have too many, so here are some simple made-at-home ones to cheer your wardrobe, and you.

Tools for the job are a tube of transparent cement, the kind used for china mending; some short lengths of wire (hat-wire or even fuse-wire will do), a short length of stronger wire, and a small pair of pliers.

To start, here is a clip that is very easily made. Thread seven or eight pearls or smallish beads on a piece of wire; then, using the pliers, twist each of the ends into a spring-like coil. If the bead-holes are very small, a fine wire will have to be used for threading, but a stronger piece of wire must be joined to form the two coils at the end.

When complete, these ear-rings can be worn in one of two ways; the wired beads can be bent into a "U" and clipped round under the ear (1); or alternatively, in the form of a "G" (4), the top part being placed in the ear while the bottom half grips the ear-lobe from behind. If this sounds like some form of Chinese torture, take my word that I have worn it in comfort!

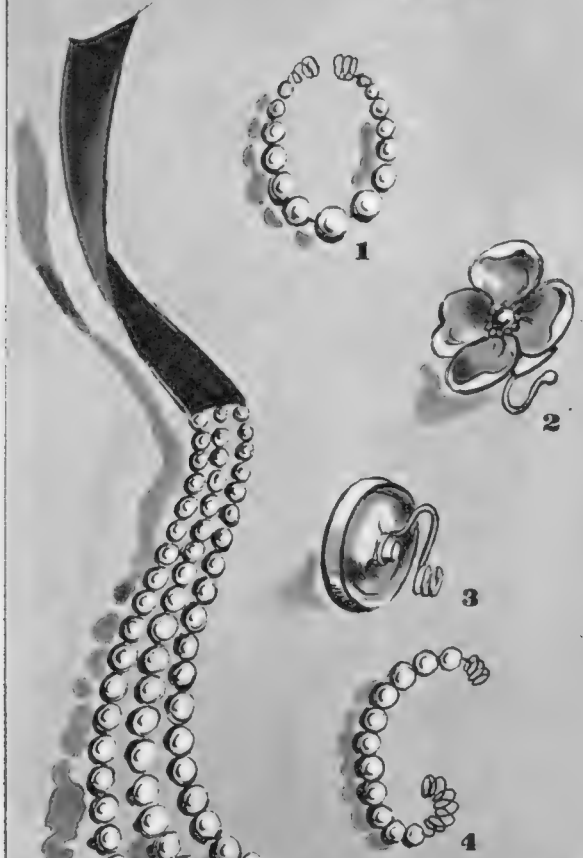
Pretty buttons with holes that go through a loop at the back can quickly be transformed into decorative ear-clips (3). Thread a stout piece of wire (fuse-wire is not strong enough) through the hole at the back. Finish off one end of this wire by winding it several times round the base of the button. Take the other end of the wire and with it form a loop to go round under the ear. Finish this loop with a spring-like coil. Your stout piece of wire should now be in the shape of a "U" with the coil and the button opposite each other at the top. Try on the clip and adjust it so that it is firm and comfortable.

Delicate ear-rings can be made from a rosette of narrow lace (6), which can be stuck with cement to an empty ear-clip base or stitched securely to a coil of wire. This coil leads via a loop to another coil opposite, on the same principle as the button-clip.

Odd ear-rings without partners can be matched up by removing the original jewels and cementing new ornaments to the clip-bases (5).

Sets of ear-clips and necklaces to match can be made up very effectively. A long necklace can be made into a fashionable choker of two or more rows. Take a length of ribbon, about 18 ins. long, and cut this in half. Thread a needle with strong silk and stitch the silk firmly to one end of the ribbon. Unthread the needle and string one row of beads on to the silk. When sufficient beads have been threaded, fasten off the silk to the other length of ribbon.

Wynne Mallory.



Left : The dinette gives maximum table accommodation with minimum floor space. Later, this room will be absorbed into the kitchen. Right : The sitting-room, in which the furthest wall is built for easy removal when the conversion takes place.

HOUSE DIVIDED

But With A Purpose And With Every Prospect Of A Very Practical Reunion

OURS is an Age of Expedients, some good, some not so good. This is about one of the better ones.

At first showing, these pictures appear to be of a fairly average small house. They are, but with this difference, that the house is one of a pair of semi-detached three-bedroomed houses designed in such a flexible way that the pair can be easily converted either into one large house, four flatlets, one three-bedroomed house and two flatlets, or into one house with eight rooms and one flatlet.

The kitchen, above, was planned by the Women's Gas Council with a modern gas-cooker, a gas-operated refrigerator and a stainless steel sink.

Right : Outside is a small laundry accessible under a covered way and fitted with a gas-copper, a gas-operated wash-boiler and drying cabinet.

Valentine

The sending of Valentines is a graceful and charming custom, well worth perpetuating. Here's a delightful and practical token to send your friends.

A London florist is making for the occasion — and afterwards — delicate flower-sprays, to the stems of which is wired a well-known make of lipstick. Colourfully packed, the flowers are chosen to tone with whichever you may choose of the ten shades in which the lipstick is made.

What prettier Valentine or birthday token could you wish ? The price of the spray and lipstick, together, is 22s. 6d.

This is the first fruits of an experiment indicating fresh possibilities in relation to present building restrictions, particularly in districts where zoning of the land permits the erection only of detached houses.

Restrictions limited the cost of this house to £1080, a fact which obviously added to the problems of construction, more especially as bye-laws necessitated a party wall and two staircases with separate front entrances, whereas it had been hoped (in the interests of inexpensive conversion later) to divide the two houses by a partition.

The present owners' scheme for later conversion is to make the two houses into one. Sections of the party wall are built for easy removal. Lintels are already in place to span future openings. One of the present staircases will be removed and the other turned through the party wall into the existing hall.

Upstairs, the removal of one wall section will combine a small bedroom with a larger one, thus giving a main bedroom of generous proportions. The second bedroom is tabbed to become a dressing-room and, with the adjacent bathroom, will make up a personal suite for the owners, leaving double and single guest rooms and another spacious room for a maid.

Downstairs, the owners plan to make the second kitchen into a study or workshop, and the dinette into a needlework room.

WINIFRED LEWIS

Above : The kitchen again, showing the commodious cupboards built around the sink. A gas-heated towel rail (left-hand corner) fits in unobtrusively beside the cupboards. Later, the kitchen will be extended to occupy the floor space now given to the dinette.

Left : Part of a bedroom in one of the two semi-detached houses which have been specially designed with a view to uniting them at a later date as one.

" The children merely played by themselves in a gloomy day-room or in a yard. They were not taken for walks. They did not have any toys at all."

CHILD WITHOUT

Facts are cold things, but women of imagination, mothers particularly, must be stirred by these facts about the Nation's homeless children and stimulated by the call to action from one whose knowledge of the subject is unsurpassed.

A GRIM little picture, indeed, but this is only one of many spotlighted by the Curtis Committee of the way in which many hundreds of " unwanted " children are existing to-day.

Your child is precious to you. Can you picture him in such a barren world, without love, with nobody to give him ordinary affection, to be specially glad when he does well at school, or to remember birthdays and to provide the little treats which the average happy child enjoys as normal, unremarkable features of daily life ?

Picture these children who have never had a toy, a pet or a book. Not even a garment that they know to be their own.

Love and happiness are this tiny girl's inheritance, but 150,000 of her compatriots have never known them.

What would you feel if you knew that your daughter was to be sent out at fourteen into domestic service, to live in a stranger's home ? Perhaps never having bought a ticket on a bus, or been into a shop to buy clothes. Worst of all, with no companionship, no friendly counsellor to whom she can turn in perplexity or trouble.

It is an unhappy picture. You may think a little over-dramatised, but this is not fiction. Hundreds, even thousands of children are facing these odds to-day, and every mother with recollections of war and its dangerous hazards so fresh in mind, must feel the stirring of consciousness that to have been orphaned could so easily have been her own children's lot.

The public have been deeply moved by the Curtis Committee report, but a report, after all, is an impersonal thing, and the true significance of its findings can only be fully appreciated by translating these conditions into relationship with one's nearest and dearest.

There are 150,000 homeless children in this country to-day. A formidable figure. Where do they come from ?

Many—very many—are illegitimate ; in themselves the direct product of our present system of caring for homeless children.

Inexperienced girls are often placed in domestic service straight from the repressive atmosphere of a Home or Institution. Their childhood has been spent in a closed community with other deprived children. Too often they have been denied all contact with the outside world. What chance have they when they finally emerge ?

It is natural and inevitable that these girls should seek, above all else, the friendly contacts they have been denied throughout their childhood. They crave for the fun and beauty that have been so long denied them. Is it any wonder that the means they find to attain these things are sometimes without the law ? Is it surprising that in the weary search for companionship and fun so many find themselves with illegitimate babies ? This being so, how are they to care for the children when they come ? Too often the only answer is an Institution again, a return to the background from which the mothers themselves have so lately sprung. So, another unfortunate child is born to promote the weary cycle.

ANOTHER prolific source of recruitment for the homeless child is from the group of mothers sent to prison for neglecting their children. No less than *five hundred* women are sent to prison each year for this offence. In many of these cases homes are broken up and the children are banished to Institutions.

One may, at first reckoning, have little sympathy for these women, but many of them—not all, of course—have simply given up the fight against terrible odds. How much more sensible it would be to provide some alternative to prison in selected cases. To send the women to some place where they could be with their children and where they can be given the rest from anxiety and overwork which so many of them desperately need. If, above all, these mothers could be helped *before* they reach extremity, much misery might be saved. I believe that a very wide extension of nursery schools would help these mothers and their children more than any other social provision.

Many children find themselves taken from their families because they have truanted from school, or are thought to be out of control. Others are judged by the Court, for various reasons, to be in need of care and protection. Bad housing conditions, broken family life and totally inadequate provision for leisure-time activities are root causes of ultimate separation from home life. In such cases it is the Local Authority that must be held responsible. They it is who are entrusted with the social welfare of their particular communities, and it is a fact that, for various reasons which include lack of funds as well as lack of interest, these aspects of social welfare are, in many instances, sadly neglected.

Here are but a few of the many reasons why children have to be cared for in other ways than by the ideal one which

A HOME

By LADY ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

Chairman, Nursery School Association of Great Britain.

"Never to have had a toy, a pet, or a book they know to be their own."

is in their own homes and by their own parents, but it is my firm belief that the numbers could be halved, or at least very substantially reduced, if more thought were given to the initial causes which break up family life, and to more imaginative help for homes that are in danger of breaking up. It is one of the Community's greatest responsibilities to prevent this wastage of home life and happiness. There never can have been more justification for the claim that prevention is better than cure.

Action is wanted if this misery is to be stopped. Action from us all and, more especially, from women who, by the very nature of the problem, must be deeply stirred by these revelations of childish misery.

THE Government is, I feel sure, determined to implement the best of the recommendations in the Curtis Report, but this alone is not enough. This is a case for individual effort. The public memory is short, but the life of an unhappy child is terribly long.

Every citizen can keep a watchful eye on the children in their own locality. We have a duty to elect kindly and experienced people to Local Councils, and to insist that reforms are brought about *without delay*. If your Local Authority or the Government appear to you to be side-stepping the issue, if their reforms appear not really to reach the heart of the problem, you have it in your power to stimulate action. Write to or take a deputation to your elected councillors, or to your Member of Parliament. These are your elected spokesmen, and you have the right to insist that they interpret your wishes.

Homeless children need, above all things, the feeling that someone cares for them. They cannot get this individual attention in large Homes. It has been suggested that individual people might act as uncles and aunts to homeless children, to visit them in the Homes and to give them the little treats to which they are so unaccustomed, but I am not altogether happy about this scheme. There is a danger that only the most attractive children would secure an uncle or an aunt, while the shy and the less well-favoured little ones might be left out—the more miserable as a result. This scheme could only be successful if *every* child in the Home could share in this special attention.

I believe a better solution would be for most of the Institutions to turn themselves into first-rate boarding schools, some large, some small, some for boys and some for girls, as well as mixed communities. I know of two such schools and they are extremely happy places. Each child has, what I call, a part-time guardian (if no suitable relation is available) to act as its personal friend. The child is welcomed into the family circle for holidays, receives letters and visits, and is helped immeasurably when the time comes to leave school. The child's knowledge that he is part of a family group, that he *belongs* somewhere, gives him a valuable sense of security. This combination of a happy boarding school and a secure family life might, indeed, solve the problem of many unhappy children.

One of these children is from an Institution. Which? Under the system which Lady Allen advocates the decision should prove always as difficult.

Clothes Are Their Business

Every woman wears clothes but few wear them well. Few even of the most successful mannequins have perfect proportions, yet they manage to make even simple clothes look desirable.

What makes this magic flair for wearing clothes? Whatever it is has earned these model girls front places in the fashion world. Let them speak for themselves.

Jane Fellows (above) has strikingly beautiful grey hair framing a young face, and definite ideas on clothes. She thinks the average woman should get more help from saleswomen, who are too preoccupied with selling to discriminate for the customer's benefit.

Just putting on clothes is important, according to Mrs. Fellows. Together we made a list of common faults. It made sad reading—but good advice! "Think of the sleeves which are rucked into jacket armholes, the crooked belts and skirts, the hats worn at angles which would shock their designers!"

Mrs. Fellows' idea of a sartorial heaven is to live in black jersey. Jersey is so flattering—so mouldable, she says. She wears a red velvet top-coat over suits of navy, grey or black, and has a yellow "odd" jacket to team with skirts.

Large flower ear-rings and artificial jewellery come into her hate class—"so tawdry," she says—but she adores old jewellery and collects it keenly.

Rosemary Chance (left) thinks the secret of wearing clothes well lies in moving beautifully and naturally. "Poise, not pose," is her watchword, and she should know, because the fluid grace of her movements, guiltless of any affectation, is a pleasure to see.

At her model school in Chelsea, young models are taught to walk and to deport themselves with this same grace. Miss Chance thinks that too many young girls sprawl like young puppies, and too many older women move stiffly and without grace.

Herself a blonde, she has original ideas about colour. Shunning the more obvious blues, she goes for soft reds and off-colours like mole-grey and yellow-green.

Rosemary Chance likes day clothes tailored and very simple; evening clothes glamorous and romantic. In the picture of her on the left she is wearing an Arthur Banks evening dress in black with white corsage embroidery. Personal dislikes are three-quarter-length coats—except on tall women—and long jackets on very short women.

Sylvia Shelley (left). You are yourself and there is nobody else quite like you, and Miss Shelley thinks it is up to you to make the world pleasantly aware of the fact.

"Be individual, be adaptable, and don't, because you 're a tweedy type, stick in tweeds!"

Herself one of the prettiest models in the business, an ash-blonde with a pencil-slim figure, Sylvia wears any colour except yellow, which "kills" her pale-blonde colouring.

Corner-stones of her wardrobe are a clerical grey suit worn with a black "bowler." The suit partners a riot of different blouses and jerseys. The hat boasts a variety of trimmings—any of which can be pinned on at a moment's notice.

Her specialised training taught her to walk gracefully, and she wishes all women could have the same advantage.

Lois Maxwell (right) says "Be proud of your height. It 's a disaster for tall women to try to look small."

This from one who is fast making a name for herself, both on the stage—her first love—and in British films (she has just been given a Hollywood contract) and as a professional model.

Trained as a ballet dancer, she holds herself beautifully and shows off to perfection the slim, unbelted frocks and coats she always chooses. In our picture of her she is wearing a lovely Windsmoor Angora jacket.

Miss Maxwell welcomes back the longer skirt. A skirt hem three inches below the knee is her ideal!

With reddish-blonde hair and a creamy complexion, she wears most colours well, but specialises in greens, purples, black, a rich nigger brown and tan. Her favourite suit of the moment is lavender-coloured, and she wears it with a plain white blouse and black-and-tan accessories. For austerity wardrobes Lois Maxwell recommends plain colours before checks. They are easier for ringing the changes and playing off contrasts.

Because her hands are large she likes large rings. Small ones are lost on her long fingers. She loves jewels, but prefers brooches and clips with a meaning—sprays of flowers or bold designs rather than single stones.

Alicia Darke. If you are 5 ft. 1 in. in your stockings you are apt to feel at a disadvantage among other mannequins, who are, for the most part, willowy creatures. Early in her career as a model, Alicia Darke found herself struggling with an outsize inferiority complex, but that didn't last. Now at the top of her profession, she thinks it wonderful to be small.

This is her advice to other pocket-size women: "Make the most of your diminutiveness. Play it up. However you may feel about elegant, willowy women, forget it. Shun suits and crossway lines which cut you up. Choose long, slender lines from shoulder to hem. Above all, learn to carry yourself well, and make the most of your inches, however few."

Alicia Darke likes casual American-type clothes. She chooses well-fitted dresses and coats which accentuate her slight figure. Loose coats she feels to be the prerogative of taller women.

She prefers simple shoes for small people, but confesses to a weakness for high heels. "Practise walking in them," she adds. "Small women in high heels look ludicrous."

She is photographed in an elegant turquoise wool negligé from Helen Stuart.

BEWARE,
MEN AT WORK

George Benson in his famous comedy cooking act.

I HAVE it from well-informed masculine sources that, owing to the domestic help situation, 1947 has got away to a flying start with seven-eighths of the male population of the country spending what used to be its leisure in close communion with the sink and cooker.

I wouldn't doubt it for the world, but anybody might be excused for wondering if there is any connection between this Wives' New Deal and the slightly more hunted expression which is appearing on the faces of housewives generally.

"Beware, Men At Work" is plastered over every kitchen in the country, I 'm informed, but at the risk of bringing a revengeful horde of gentlemen about my ears, bearing incontestable proof of their accomplishments, I suggest that the average man in the kitchen is still a liability. Not but what they are willing to help, bless them, but their progress to efficiency is hopelessly impeded if not by lack of technique, by the want of a little mugging-up on feminine psychology.

What do women want from men in the home? First and foremost a little less flaunting of those self-invested halos, a little less of that gleam in the eye which says "after all, women are but weak vessels, but Genius has taken over, now try and tell me anything if you dare."

Of course, we can put up with a lot of that nonsense if, in the meanwhile, the man in question is actually peeling the potatoes, but nobody will claim this as the ideal basis for effective co-operation.

Cannot somebody please find a way of divesting men of the moth-eaten illusion that women, secretly, want them to be 100 per cent. masculine and helpless in domestic matters. They don't. What women want, probably more than mink, to-day is for men to be as competent and as casual about cooking a dinner as they are about ordering one.

Women themselves have fostered the fiction that cooking is a woman's sphere and depends for success upon some subtle and feminine form of genius. This is all sob-stuff. Efficient cooking is a simple combination of horse-sense, application and the will to learn.

Men out to win laurels will do so the faster if they remember that men in aprons are no longer funny. Women genuinely appreciate competent, matey, imaginative help in the kitchen, but they don't see any good reason why they should have to go on endlessly bestowing laurels for simple achievements that they themselves have been taking in their stride for years.

Wife-saving isn't to be learned from cookery books—though cookery books are not to be sneezed at—the secret lies in the study of where household burdens press the hardest and where a man of imagination can help to ease the load, which is often as much psychological as physical.

L. K.

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

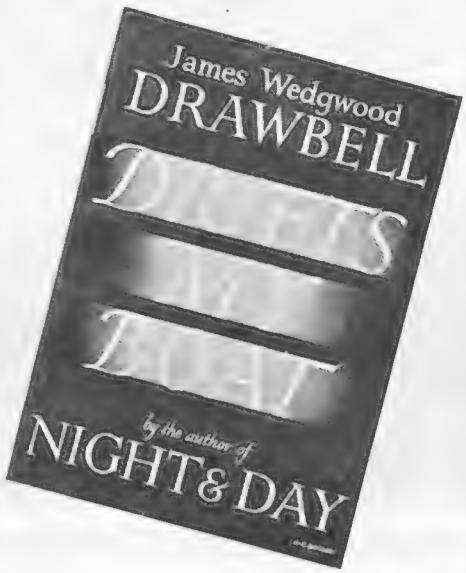
DR. JOHNSON, Boswell, Piozzi, Mrs. Thrale . . . is there any limit to permutation with such figures to play with? Mr. C. E. Vulliamy moves, relates, transposes them with skill in his elegantly written, "Ursa Major: A Study of Dr. Johnson and His Friends" (Michael Joseph, 15s.), pointing to old blots and blemishes if only to admit, in the end, that perhaps they were just daubed on by others and had no intrinsic foundation. Whether, for instance, the Doctor's regard for Hester Thrale, the wife of his dear friend and host, was wholly platonic; whether his avowed love for Bozzy was wholly sincere. We may scorn the begging of such questions while agreeing with Mr. Vulliamy that we need to consult others besides Boswell and Reynolds—and especially his own writings—for the whole Johnson. Criticism of widow Thrale for bypassing her old friend in marrying Piozzi makes us long for a complementary book we must ever lack—on Johnson, Boswell, and Mr. Vulliamy by (*Continued on page 70*)

The Passing Days

"YES," said a woman neighbour to Mrs. Lilias Rider Haggard, "you are one of those people who write about the dear little birdies." But she writes about countless other things, too, in **"Norfolk Notebook"** (Faber, 8s. 6d.): old houses and their history, old countrymen, new evacuees, running an estate under taxation handicaps, day-to-day village life, helping parish and county organizations, even the cheeky little rabbit that darts between the legs of an old hen, toppling it over with ludicrous effect. As background there is always the ripe countryside and its changing beauties: "farms set deep in the peace of fields untroubled with any event save the steady swing of the seasons and the immemorial labour of man and beast." This is a quiet book of infinite wisdom; and what benediction to the spirit such books are in this noisy, aggressive interim!

ANOTHER quiet journal, dealing mainly with his experiences in the B.B.C.'s Overseas News Service at wartime Evesham, is Mr. Reginald Pound's **"Running Commentary"** (Rockliff, 10s. 6d.). This, too, has its nature background: "a few fields of asparagus fern turning brown and yellow, and insolently big dahlias in little cottage gardens, with clumps of penny-packet asters looking like the cast-off trimmings of coster women's hats." It has humour, as in the story of a Minister who sent Mr. Churchill a draft of his speech and earned the comment: "I . . . find you have used every known cliché except, 'Please adjust your dress before leaving,'" and the commentator in a recorded broadcast from a London power station who spoke of a jet of steam escaping and was at once told by the expert: "Our steam never escapes. We allow it to be emitted." Mr. Pound writes of "sincere, fine-grained" Dr. F. W. Ogilvie: "Possibly such men make the world less exciting to live in, but more emphasis on character and less on personality might make it better to live in." And those words might equally apply to the author of these sane, thoughtful, gentle jottings.

MR. JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL, in **"Drifts My Boat"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), is a jotter of different breed—the slick, newsy, efficient journalist writing up the passing moment or personality rather than writing it down. Whether he is recalling old editorial colleagues, contacts with the famous, or a human story behind a news par, his approach is vivid, direct; the material matters more than the mind that mirrors it. He quotes Voltaire's "My books are like chestnuts; the more they are roasted, the better they sell." This one is nicely done without being browned off.



The Maud Foster Mill at Boston, Lincs. Is about 130 years old and has the unusual number of five "sweeps"

A lookout tower at Chesterton, Warwick, designed by Inigo Jones and later converted to its use as a windmill

Cambridgeshire has more than its fair share of these interesting bygones. An example of a tower mill at Barrington

A typical windmill of Norfolk, and probably the best known in that county is the mill at Acle

The Free Winds

THE Jolly Miller has sprung into the news lately; his bread assumes a vital importance in our rationed diet to-day—let us visit his various kinds of mill.

Unlike the windmills of Spain that, to the knightly imagination of Don Quixote, looked like gigantic warriors with extended arms ready to do battle, our English ones add serenity and peace to the landscape. They are one of the rapidly disappearing links with the days when machinery relied only on the forces of nature for its motive power.

Windmills first made their appearance in Europe during the eighth or ninth centuries, and have remained practically unaltered ever since. Some affirm that they came to England via Greece, while others give the credit to the Crusaders who, having seen a similar erection in the East, brought back the idea and planted it here. The famous Luttrel Psalter, dating from the fourteenth century, has a picture of a windmill in its illuminations and another one is in the "Windmill" Psalter, belonging to the late Pierpont Morgan.

AS with nations, the history of a short war dominates many centuries of peace, so we have the first documentary evidence of an English windmill coming from the battlefield of the law. In 1119, Herbert the Dean erected a windmill on a meadow belonging to the monastery of Edmundsbury. As he had not first procured the abbot's permission he was ordered to remove it. The unfortunate owner pleaded that he did but use the "free winds of heaven." Presumably those particular winds belonged to the abbot and not to heaven, for Herbert the Dean lost his case and the windmill was

An eight-sailed windmill at Heckington, Lincs. It flies anti-clockwise and dates back to 1830

Of Heaven

razed to the ground. For long these same winds of heaven caused strife and dissention, until Parliament claimed a woman's privilege and had the last word by declaring that the mill, being rooted in the soil, was the property of the landlord, and the wind that blew over it also belonged to him. Acts were passed accordingly, forbidding anyone to erect any building that prevented the wind from blowing where it listed over his neighbour's field.

It was later that "Soke Rights" came into being. These forbade any persons living in the neighbourhood sending their corn to be ground anywhere but at the local mill, nor to build a second one within the same territory —which greatly increased the jollity of the local miller and simplified the conveying question. The grinding of the poppies with the corn has given rise to the theory that west country folk are sleepy and slow, because poppies abound there, and local flour was always eaten—a fact that is disowned by the natives themselves!

WINDMILLS are of three varieties. The tower mill, with the top, or head, alone revolving. The smock mill in which the tower is usually of overlapping boards and octagonal in shape—looking like the smocks worn by the farm workers of old; and the post mill with the whole body moving on a base of brick or stone. The earlier ones were without the base, being supported on a centre post with a tripod arrangement of logs to keep it firm. In order to catch the wind the whole structure had to be turned. This was done by means of the tall pole, usually by manual labour, though often a horse would be used to do the hard work. An auxiliary windmill, or fantail, was invented by Andrew Meikle, which was (*Continued on page 76*)

Somerset's last windmill at Chapel Allerton, near Wedmore, is of the "smock" type

This ancient windmill built in 1713 at Clay-next-the-Sea, Norfolk, has been converted into a dwelling-house

Another interesting Cambridgeshire mill is that at Stretham. It stands by the roadside and is over a century old.

The uneven tenor of our life had been further complicated by a series of puppies and kittens, so when Eleanor came to me wearing a pleading expression and asking me to look at "Mary Anne," I said firmly: "Take her away. I am not going to be caught that way again. I don't even want to look at her."

"You promised I could have one, madam. . . ." Eleanor sounded almost tearful.

"If I promised you in a rash moment, you should have known better than to take me seriously. What is Mary Anne—a puppy or a kitten?" I asked glumly.

"She's neither. She's a new electric iron, and she only costs 50s. with the stand," Eleanor added meekly.

I had to admit that "Mary Anne" was the best iron I had ever seen. It has a heat-selector dial which regulates the heat to exactly the right temperature for woollen, silk, art silk, linen, and cotton material; and the back of the iron is pointed as well as the front, so that you can work it both ways. The whole iron is streamlined, and has a nice, long flex, as well as its own asbestos stand. What surprised me most, was the price. This is the first really inexpensive commodity I have seen on sale in this country for something like six years.

Jane Gordon

The Search For Glamour

IT seems to me that American women turn grey at a very early age. Three American friends of mine, all of them in the early forties, have turned grey since 1939—when I last saw them—and this is odd, because there is more beauty service to be bought in the United States than anywhere else in the world. Still, the fact remains that, even in America, no one has been able to solve the mystery of grey hair; although a great many theories have been advanced. Some authorities state that with advancing years the arteries get tougher, the blood vessels in the scalp grow smaller and, therefore, the blood supply is slower, with the result that the hair becomes thin and loses its colour. Others believe that grey hair is due to the air bubbles in the cortex—or inner layer of hair—which is supposed to make the cortex opaque and so hide pigment.

We all know that certain ailments turn the hair grey. Unhappiness or worry has the same effect. It is believed that the oil glands of the scalp are affected in such a way that the oil cannot enter the cells of the hair and that air takes the place of the oil. The general opinion seems to be that anything which interferes with the blood supply causes white hair, but even this does not explain why members of the same family should go grey at identically the same age. Nor has anyone ever been able to offer any advice as to either the prevention or cure of this curious phenomena. Personally, I am convinced that grey hair, in comparatively young women, is caused nowadays by insufficient brushing and by careless shampooing, the latter leaving the hair only half clean. Women are so afraid of spoiling their set, or disarranging their perm, that the scalp gets no stimulation in the way of brushing and massage.

IF you have plenty of hair, the best way to prevent greyness is to use the old-fashioned, coarse, whalebone hairbrush. These are called Headache Brushes and, although they have been practically impossible to get during the war, they are coming back on to the market. I found a Kent headache brush the other day, which is by far the best I have ever had.

For thin, fine hair, the new nylon hairbrush is particularly good. The most efficient way to brush your hair is to have a pair of brushes and use one in each hand. The hair should be brushed in every direction for a good three minutes to stimulate the scalp and whip up the circulation before the set is smoothed into place again.

There is an old wives' tale that so long as your scalp is movable, your hair will never go grey. And, like many an old wives' tale, there is a great deal of truth in this.

IN my opinion, you can give yourself a far more efficient shampoo at home than you would ever get at the hairdressers. With the exception of two American methods, the professional shampoo seldom takes longer than ten minutes. When you have been given your choice of shampoo mixture, it is poured on your head, rubbed in for a minute or so, and rinsed off. The procedure is repeated, and the subsequent rinsing will probably be quite insufficient. You will be lucky if your hair is left really clean and free of soap. A proper shampoo should take much longer than ten minutes, especially if your hair is very thick. You should use your fingertips, not only for rubbing in the shampoo mixture, but also for massaging the scalp while you are rinsing your hair and at least four rinsing waters should be used.

For hair that dries out easily or is inclined to fade, one of the best shampoos is the S.13—which looks like a heavy cold cream and leaves the hair very soft and glossy. Never skimp the shampoo. Use plenty in your first lather, rinse off thoroughly, and you will find the second lather does its job with surprising thoroughness. For lank, greasy hair, and where there is a tendency to dandruff, the liquid shampoos are particularly good and are very easy to rinse off. It is nice to know that the Drene liquid shampoo is a little easier to get now.

Above left: Tiers of pleated satin and lace, festooned with roses. A delicious Victorian costume designed by Anthony Holland for Patricia Raine in the revival of Somerset Maugham's play, *Lady Frederick*, at the Savoy Theatre. Coral Browne in another costume of satin and fur from the same production

Madame, You're Missing Something

You have the excitement of your hard-won freedom, your emancipation—for what it's worth—the honour of your blitz record and the fun of the battle blouses that went with it. Your grandmother had none of these things but she had glamour, the gracious, delicious allurement of her clothes. Extravagant, impracticable they may be by our standards, but every woman must sigh for the charm and the incomparable femininity which they bestowed.

Robert Piguet, the French designer, created this reminiscently Edwardian evening gown in black velvet and white organza. On right: Sally Gray in one of Oliver Messel's Edwardian creations for the film *Carnival*. Duck-egg blue worn with a sheer ninon blouse cascading with lace frilling

Hat for a lovely lady. Sally Gray. Edwardian straw with a scooped-up brim filled with pleated ribbon which loops above the ear and holds a half-blown rose

Lace Pattern

In Three-Ply

Materials Required: 6 oz. of 3-ply Sirdar Wool. One pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles. Six small buttons.

Measurements: From the top of shoulder to lower edge 19 inches. Across the back underarms 17 inches. Across half front underarms 8 inches (without edge). Sleeve length from shoulder 11 inches.

Tension: 8 sts. to one inch for No. 10 needles.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 122 sts.

Rows 1 to 3.—K.

4th row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

5th and 6th rows.—K.

Change to the following pattern and No. 9 needles.

1st row.—K. 3, * w.f., sl. 2, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3 tog., w.f., k. 4 ; rep. from *, ending k. 3 instead of k. 4.

2nd row.—K. 1, p. 3, * w.r.n., p. 2, w.r.n., p. 6 ; rep. from *, ending p. 4.

3rd row.—K. 1, * k. 3 tog., w.f., k. 4, w.f., sl. 2, k. 1, p.s.s.o.; rep. from *, ending k. 1.

4th row.—K. 1, p. 1, * w.r.n., p. 6, w.r.n., p. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

These 4 rows form pattern.

Continue until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 86 sts. remain.

Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles cast on 64 sts. Work as for the back until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 46 sts. remain. Continue on these 46 sts. until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK (right side of work facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, work for 2 ins. at the, same time dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every neck-edge row until 30 sts. remain.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Jellybag Hat

Materials Required: ½ oz. of Patons & Baldwins red (main colour). About ¼ oz. each of blue, white, green, and yellow. 4 No. 10 needles pointed at both ends.

Tension: 8 sts. to one inch.

Cast on with red wool 128 sts. on 3 needles (43, 42, 43).

Work every row knit.

Work in stripes as follows :—

* 10 rounds red, 6 rounds blue, 4 rounds white, 2 rounds yellow, 2 rounds blue.*

Work for 3 ins. ending on the 3rd needle.

1st needle (1st dec.).—(K. 2 tog., k. to end.)

2nd and 3rd needles.—K. 1 round.

2nd dec.—1st and 2nd needles k.

3rd needle.—K. until last 2 sts. remain, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.

K. 1 round.

Repeat the last 4 rounds until 31 sts. remain.

Now work in red colour to end, still continue decreasings until 17 sts. remain. Draw up sts. with end of wool and fasten off.

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Turn the brim edge in on the inside of cap (half the depth of the red stripe) and hem loosely.

Press brim edge.

Luxurious Angora

Softest angora in a rainbow variety of shades makes this delightful Windsmoor coat designed for bright but chilly spring days. A deep pleat, falling from a triangular yoke gives the fashionable back sweep. A large range of colours include tan, off-white, pastel pink, green rye, delphinium, jade green, hunting pink and others. Price £17 9s. 1d.

Above: Front and back detail of the coat showing the generous cuffs and huge patch pockets

Angora turban from Pissot and Pavet. The leather and nickel-plated handbag in black, tan and several colours costs £5 10s. 7d. from Selfridges

Clean Face

THE normally healthy skin requires a certain amount of oils to help preserve its elasticity. Sometimes the glands pour forth far more of these oils than is necessary for the skin's needs, then the pores enlarge and the nose shines and make-up does not last.

Obviously then, such a skin condition calls for a regular and deep cleansing. Women should not allow their make-up to remain on all day. Even the busiest should remove it in the middle of the day. It freshens up, not only the skin, but the mind. Something quick is required, and a double-duty preparation is the best. There is a good preparation now on the market which contains magnesia and has both cleansing and toning properties, too, and when used on a wad of cotton wool, its cleansing ability will be quickly seen. A very little of the same lotion can also be used as a powder base, as it holds make-up satisfactorily.

Feeling

BLAME the war, blame the food, blame anything you like for that tired feeling that seems to be a universal affliction just now. Whatever you blame won't make the smallest difference to your tiredness. The only thing to bring about a change is action.

"Must go to bed . . ."

This is the vicious part about the kind of tiredness which is symptomatic of physical and nervous overstrain, it gets you into a frame of mind in which you are too tired to do anything about it.

But this won't do. Action is essential if one has reached that stage where in the mornings you can't believe that daylight is here already, and about 8.30 p.m. that you must go to bed or drop.

First thing is to consult a doctor if your tiredness persists and won't respond to simple common-sense remedies and reasonable relaxation. If a tonic or a rest are needed—even something a little more—then he will prescribe them. The best of consulting a doctor is that having paid for his advice one is more likely to follow it, though it may be something you could have thought up yourself.

If there are worries at the back of the mind, sort them out, tabulate them and take action about them, too. The very fact of doing something, quite often stimulates a solution. When one is out,

Up To The

IT has become all too common with most of us in recent years to neglect the care of neck, shoulders and arms. These parts, because evening dress was not worn, became "forgotten areas." Now that evening frocks are more or less the rule for formal occasions, most of us are horrified to discover what the war years of neglect have done.

A woman of, say, thirty upwards can pass muster in the daytime with a well-cared-for face and well-groomed hair. Let her put on an evening frock and her age is nobody's secret.

Necks have become discoloured, because soap and water alone are not enough to keep them white and soft. Throat muscles have become relaxed and double-chins are there through bad posture and lack of "tone," mainly through bad posture.

Shoulders and backs are too often inclined to spottiness and unbecoming flakiness. Goose pimples on the upper arms and shoulders are another menace to beauty after dark.

Such blemishes cannot be cured in a day, but they will go with a little trouble.

Take the throat and neck in hand first of all. This almost literally. The circulation should be stimulated by brushing with a little soft brush, using a circular upwards movement. Soap the brush well with as good quality soap as possible. Work upwards towards the ears, not forgetting the back of the neck, scrubbing particularly hard over the "dowager's hump."

At all times, hold the chin well up by stretching the muscles *at the back of the neck*. It is no exaggeration to say that a sagging chin affects the contours of the whole body. Droop your chin and notice how the other muscles droop in sympathy.

At night—every night for a while—massage the throat with one of the many excellent nourishing creams now back on the market. Begin at the base of the throat and "walk" the knuckles *upwards* towards each ear. This is guaranteed to produce a clean-cut contour if persevered with.

Another improving movement is the "prayer" exercise. Lean the elbows on a table and place the finger-tips together under the chin. Continue by pressing the finger-tips of each hand firmly towards the ears.

At night—every night—massage the throat and neck with a good nourishing cream

Here is an exercise for that blurring of the chin line which begins to make itself apparent in the thirties. Drop the head back and relax the muscles at the back of the neck. Open the mouth wide. Now close the mouth, tensing the neck muscles, and draw the head upright again. Repeat this regularly and often.

A final word about throats and necks; do be sure to continue the foundation and powder, used on the face, right down the neck. Make-up which stops short at the chin with a hard, broken line, emphasizes the uncared-for neck most cruelly and ruins the effect of the most exciting face.

Shoulders and arms that have lost their suppleness will benefit by a few arm-swing exercises, done regularly each day. Raise the arms to shoulder level and swing them briskly in a circular motion with the club-swinging technique. Stand erect while doing so and breathe with regularity.

The skin of shoulders and arms must be massaged with a medicated cream or lotion to banish spots. I

Tired?

of sorts troubles assume unnecessarily vast proportions. So get plenty of sleep. Go to bed at 10 p.m. a few nights a week and cut down parties for a while.

"It can't be morning already"

Exercise is very important and the woman at home should try to manage a short, brisk walk outdoors each day—this for enjoyment and apart from the dragging shopping walk. The business woman should definitely try to manage half-an-hour's walk in the fresh air, even if it is in the dark. This, just before going to bed, has a good effect on poor sleepers.

A course of massage and planned exercising is beneficial, too. It improves the droopy carriage, and promotes good posture, which in turn, holds the organs of the body in their right places; an important factor in relation to good health.

Tiredness causes one to be easily fussed and flustered, a signal that something should be done, because fussing uses up energy unnecessarily.

Surplus energy, if any, should be stored up for important things, and should not be spent darting about in a fussy way. It is good to remember that the quiet approach often achieves the most worthwhile results—*without tiredness*. A quiet mind is the first step to a relaxed body, and a relaxed body is seldom a tired one. With that tired feeling, we are often inclined to let ourselves go, and skin, hair and clothes all reflect this feeling. Snap out of it.

"Never felt so tired in my life"

Take your health in hand. Tiredness, unless you are genuinely overworked, should be treated as a warning. Next, go off and get a new hair-style, a different make-up or silly hat. All or any of these measures will help you to throw off that tired feeling.

Neck

know of an excellent one. Apply this just before the bath and then scrub with a well-soaped bath brush or loofah.

Gooseflesh on the upper-arms is mostly caused by an accumulation of dead skin cells, and a good brisk rubbing with a well-soaped brush will pep up the circulation and help to get rid of them. Afterwards, massage with a good nourishing cream at night, or, if you prefer it, with a softening hand-cream or lotion. This method will also help to keep the elbows soft and rounded. If, however, the skin on the elbows is persistently hard, apply a little cuticle remover and leave it on for a few moments. When it is washed off, the dead skin will have disappeared.

All these simple treatments only require perseverance. It is continuity of treatment which counts and which adds so much to a woman's appearance when she wears a low-cut evening frock.

A course of salon treatments for neck, back and arms is worth considering.

Many beauty consultants are specializing in rehabilitation treatments, and a few visits to a professional gives a good start to home treatments which are to follow.

Cathy Downs has the perfect neck and shoulders for an off-the-shoulders evening gown

Health And Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Eating Alone And Liking It

PEOPLE of all ages when living alone are all too apt to grow careless about their food, especially if they have to prepare it for themselves. They eat barely enough to keep body and soul together, and mealtimes become a monotonous cycle of dishes requiring little thought or time to prepare. How often has one heard, "I really can't be bothered to cook for myself"? rather than, "It makes no difference if I am alone or not, I prepare a good meal and eat it in comfort." Incidentally that last remark was made to me by a man, and many women would do well to follow his example. Tea, a boiled egg (when you have one!), fried bacon, a chop, are all excellent in their way, but after a time the appetite revolts and who can blame it?

It *is* worth while to take pains with food for oneself. Health is of primary importance more especially for those of us who depend on our work to provide the means of living. Good food, well cooked, is a sound basis of good health.

BACHELOR women living alone frequently have only a gas or electric ring on which to cook. One of the chief difficulties is to provide hot vegetables and hot meat at the same time, not to speak of serving them on a hot plate. But with management this can be done.

For instance, potatoes should be boiled and, as soon as tender, the water should be strained off and the potatoes covered with a dry cloth and the lid replaced; the cloth will absorb the steam. To warm the plate, use it instead of the saucepan lid, then all is ready for dishing up the meat. If more convenient, sufficient potatoes for two days may be cooked. This will allow plain boiled for one meal, whilst the remainder can be mashed while hot, left whole to be cut into slices and fried, or used in stews. Such an arrangement is also labour saving, for one bowl, one knife and saucepan will suffice and need only be washed up once! Incidentally the hands are only soiled once in peeling or scrubbing the tubers.

Stews of all kinds made with meat, vegetables and even fish are perhaps the most suitable for wholesome cookery and, on the whole, are easier to deal with if one lives and cooks alone. One ration book will seem to work miracles if one is really clever with stews. Such things as bacon, butter, margarine and a few points for cereals or oatmeal can be kept exclusively for breakfast and the remaining points can be used to swell the meat ration for evening meals.

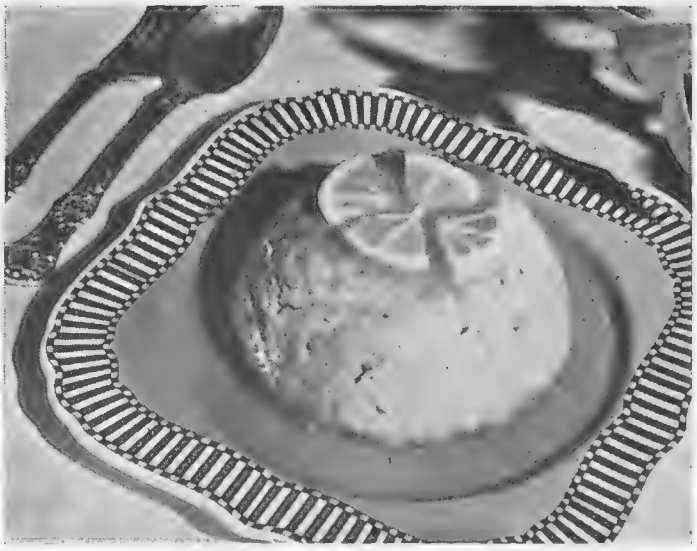
BREAKFAST SAUSAGE

COLLOPS

AN exclusive diet of stew sounds monotonous, but astonishing variety in appearance and flavour can be introduced. The meat can be cooked whole, cut into neat slices or diced and fried previous to stewing or left plain, just as you please. Flavouring can be varied with different vegetables, spices or sauces. The gravy can be improved by the addition of meat cubes, etc. whilst a little chopped parsley, sprinkled over the dish at the last minute, will stimulate the appetite. By the way, before adding a thickening to the gravy, any fat floating on the top should be carefully skimmed off and put by for frying a chop, or for frying meat or vegetables for another stew. Remember that in stewing, all the nourishment of the meat and vegetables that is extracted by the heat is found in the gravy and, therefore, the food value is greater than by any other method of cookery.

Sometimes it is more economical, not to say convenient, to make two distinct dishes from one kind of meat; for instance, with one pound of minced raw meat (it will have to be sausage meat now), the following recipes will work together, the collops making a lunch, while the sausages will make a breakfast or supper dish to be served cold.

By Harriet Muir



Cold Weather Puddings

LEMON PUDDING

Mix together ¼ lb. of white breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of finely chopped suet, 2 oz. of sugar, the grated

rind and the juice of one lemon and one reconstituted egg. The dry ingredients should be well mixed before the moisture is added. Pour into a greased basin, tie over and steam for 45 minutes.

MARMALADE ROLY-POLY

8 oz. flour, 1 level tablespoonful baking powder, 6 oz. marmalade, 1¼ level teaspoonfuls salt, 3oz. suet or margarine, 2 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, cold water to mix.

Mix flour, baking powder and salt together. Mix in the finely chopped suet or rub in the fat. Form into a firm dough with water. Roll out on a floured board into a rectangular shape of about ½ in. thick. Spread the marmalade to within 2 in. of the top and 1 in. of the sides and bottom and sprinkle with the breadcrumbs. Roll up, damping the edges to make them stick. Tie in a floured cloth and place in a pan of boiling water so that the roll is well covered. Cover the saucepan with a well-fitting lid and boil for 2 hours. Unroll and serve with sweet sauce or a little sugar sprinkled on top.

Hot Potatoes!

Somebody once asked what he would grow if the choice were confined to one vegetable. The answer was potatoes, for not only are they nourishing in themselves, but invaluable as the basis of many a good dish. Try some of these ways of preparing this useful tuber which has jumped well to the forefront in the diet imposed on us all by six years of war

POTATO SLABS

Peel and boil 3 large potatoes. When cooked pass through the mincer and mix well with 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 of grated cheese, 1 dried egg (2 fresh yolks if possible), and a pinch of salt. Roll into a sausage, cut off thick slices and fry on both sides until a golden brown.

POTATO RAGOUT

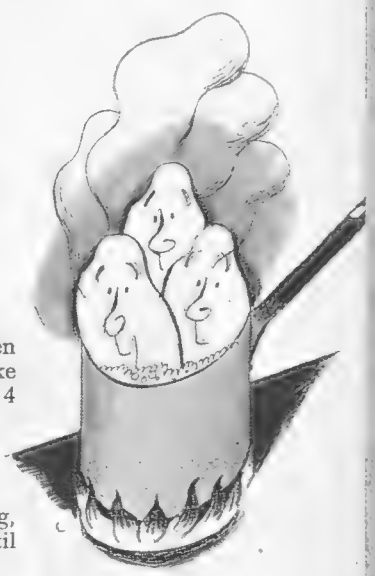
Peel and dice enough potatoes to have 1 cupful per person. Boil in just enough water to cover, strain—keeping back the water—and place in a casserole. Mix 1 dessertspoonful of melted margarine with 2 dessertspoonfuls of flour, add the water from the potatoes, 2 Oxo cubes, and 1 tomato passed through a sieve. Season to taste, and bring to the boil. Pour the sauce over the potatoes and leave in a medium oven for 20 minutes.

POTATO GNOCCHI

Peel 1 lb. of potatoes and boil until soft. Strain and put through a sieve. Add 1 beaten egg and 4 dessertspoonfuls of flour. Mix well. Shape into balls about the size of a walnut and drop each ball into boiling salted water. Leave them for 10 minutes over a low fire before removing and arranging in a fireproof dish. Sprinkle liberally with grated cheese and moisten with melted margarine. Leave in a medium oven for 15 minutes and serve immediately.

CREAMED POTATOES

Boil for 20 minutes 2 lb. of potatoes in their skins. Remove from the fire and leave them to strain off thoroughly over a sieve. Prepare meanwhile a thin white sauce with 1 oz. of margarine, 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour and 4 cups of milk (household if necessary). Peel the potatoes, cut into slices and put them in a saucepan with the sauce. Leave them simmering for 30 minutes.



POTATOES AU GRATIN

Boil 2 lb. of unpeeled potatoes; when tender strain off and leave to cool. Make a white sauce with 3 cups of milk, 4 dessertspoonfuls of flour, and a pinch of salt. Peel the potatoes and cut them into slices. Arrange the pieces in a greased fireproof dish, cover with the sauce, which must be boiling, and leave in a moderate oven until nicely browned.

MUSAKKA

Peel and thinly slice 1 lb. of potatoes; fry. Boil 1 nice cauliflower, strain well, but keep the water. Mash the cauliflower, adding a little thick sauce made with 1 cup of the water and 2 dessertspoonfuls of flour. Grease a casserole and sprinkle the bottom with breadcrumbs. Arrange the fried potatoes and the cauliflower in layers, starting with potato and ending with cauliflower with a few shavings of margarine between each layer. Cover with breadcrumbs and a few more pieces of margarine and leave in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

POTATO NOODLES

Peel and boil 1 lb. of potatoes; mash and leave to cool off. Mix in ¼ lb. of flour, a good pinch of salt, and one dried egg. Work all the ingredients well together, adding a little water if the paste seems too stiff. Cover with a clean cloth and leave for five to ten minutes. Roll out the paste as thinly as possible and leave until dry, or for about an hour. Sprinkle with flour and cut into long strips about half an inch wide.

ROAST POTATOES

Roast potatoes are familiar enough, but good ones—crisply brown on the outside and floury inside — are a delicacy which never palls.

To achieve the perfect result peel 8 medium-sized potatoes, cut in half lengthwise, and place in a hot oven on a greased baking tin. Place a dab of margarine on each piece, turn occasionally, and roast until brown and soft.

POTATO SALAD

Clean and boil without peeling 2 lb. of potatoes. Remove from the water and leave for 15 minutes. Peel, cut into slices, and mix well with chopped chives and tarragon and 1 cupful of equal parts salad cream and milk. (These two ingredients must be well stirred to avoid lumps.) This salad should be made 24 hours before serving as the taste improves with keeping.

POTATO PUDDING

Peel and boil 4 large potatoes. When cooked pass through a sieve or mash finely with a fork. Add 2 oz. of margarine, previously creamed, 3 dried eggs, 2 dessertspoonfuls of grated cheese, 2 of flour or breadcrumbs and 2 of milk. Stir well. Put the mixture into a greased fireproof dish and leave in the oven for 45 minutes.

Ready-sieved Vegetables

make life easier for Mother!

WHAT mother would ever grudge time spent on her baby! But now it's *not necessary* to prepare and sieve vegetables specially for Baby.

Brand's Baby Foods — Strained Carrots and Strained Spinach — are all ready to give Baby straight from the glass jar. They're the finest fresh vegetables, cooked in vacuum and vacuum-packed. All the irritant fibre is removed by the sieving process. Doctors recommend Brand's Baby Foods. Let *your* baby have them!

Strained Carrots, Strained Spinach, also Strained Prunes, and Bone and Vegetable Broth. 7½d. a bottle.

At 4 months Baby needs vegetables because—

at this age, Baby's milk diet is not sufficiently "bulky." Finely sieved vegetables supply extra bulk, and also give variety, which doctors say is important. They are the ideal way of starting an infant on solid food.

Brand's Baby Foods

Made by the makers of Brand's Essence

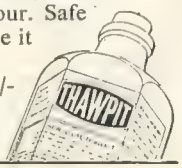
⊗ marks the spot where glamour was *destroyed*

A few minutes daily care and your clothes never need look dingy. Freshen up a suit or dress after each wearing by damping a clean cloth with a little Thawpit. Go over the back of the collar, elbows and cuffs — they catch the dirt first — but look out for other soiled places. And don't wait until a garment is grimy.

Thawpit won't harm the fabric — however delicate. It's easy and pleasant to use and leaves no odour. Safe to use anywhere, because it can't catch fire.

Price 1/-

LEAVES NO ODOUR
CAN'T CATCH FIRE



February Flower Studies

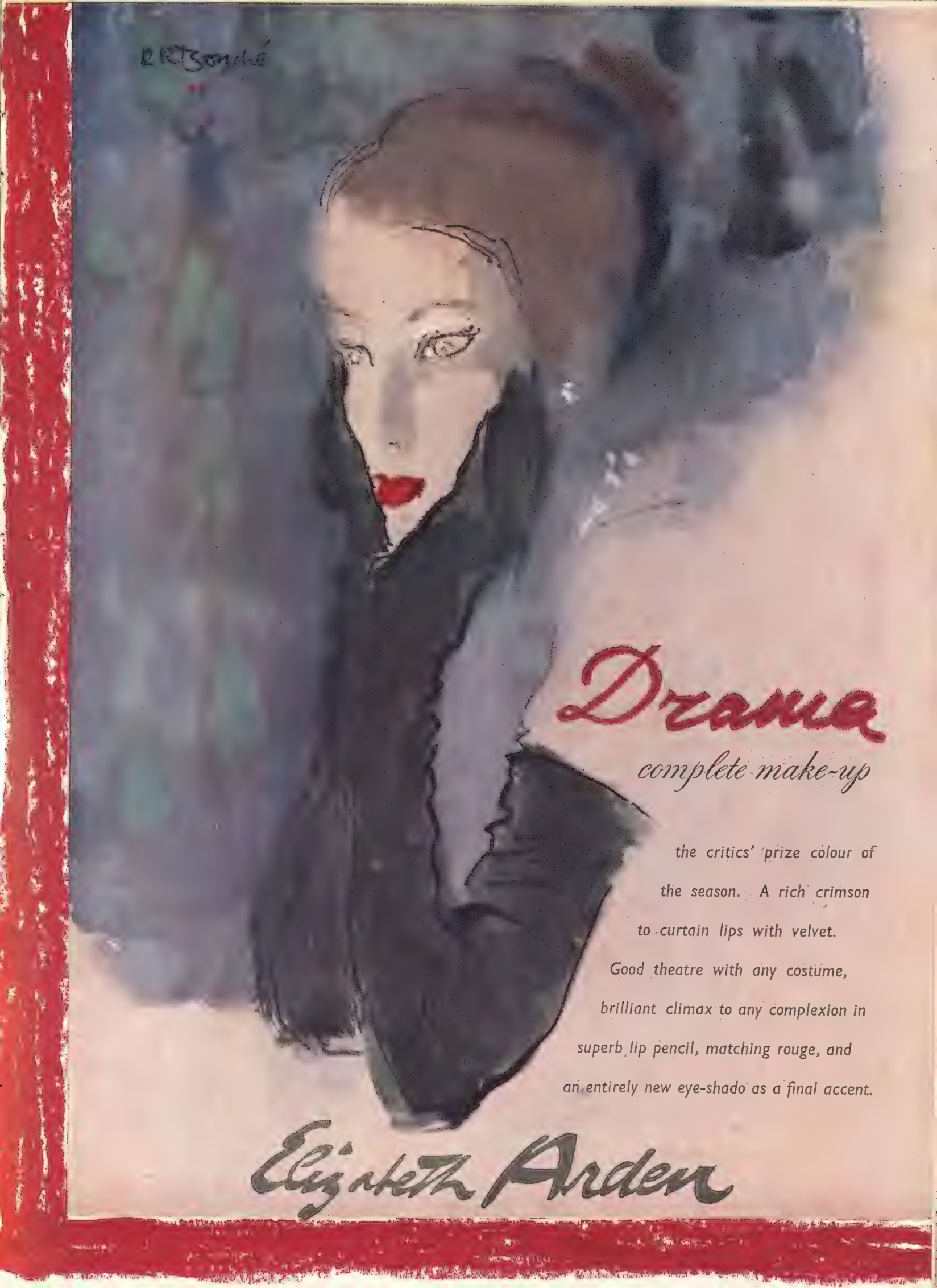
Tulips are in, and if you have not planted any the smaller varieties may be bought as budding bulbs. Display them on a window sill growing in a trough, which can be bought in pottery, plastic and stoneware. The one illustrated is an iron pig trough bought at a sale and enamelled white.

A miniature garden made in a shallow bowl from a few rocky stones and the smallest types of bulbs planted in moss-covered fibre or earth solves the problem of the centre-piece for a dining-table. This garden idea can be adapted for the use of small cut flowers such as anemones, polyanthus, ranunculas and violets by setting them in low jars placed among "rocks" and covered with moss or fibre.

An original and charmingly effective association for a large vase, like the one on the left below, is that of the glossy, deep green rhododendron foliage with brightly starred winter jasmine.

Another tall arrangement employs the graceful brown branches of horse-chestnut which soon burst in a warm room into sticky buds and small leaves. On the right you see them in a gleaming copper jug.

Starry crocuses, primroses or violets tucked into a conch shell make a most attractive study.


Drama
complete make-up
the critics' prize colour of
the season. A rich crimson
to curtain lips with velvet.
Good theatre with any costume,
brilliant climax to any complexion in
superb lip pencil, matching rouge, and
an entirely new eye-shado as a final accent.
Elizabeth Arden

Wolsey Limited Leicester

New Use For Old Valentines

Old Valentines mounted on decorative Christmas wrapping paper and framed with glass, which is backed with odd pieces of velvet or silk material. The edges are bound round with furniture-braid or ribbon attached with china cement

THE paper Valentine, so decorative and charming, with verses of an amorous or sentimental nature, seems to have made its appearance during the last twenty years of the Eighteenth Century. These early specimens are in the best taste, finely drawn and hand-coloured, or produced in monochrome by etching or lithography. Later came some endearing types made in the form of a copperplate letter that began "Dearest fascinating Being." Embossed borders were introduced and curious cut paper work. So popular were they that on February 14, 1847, just a hundred years ago, 618,000 Valentines were delivered to their palpitating owners by the Post Office. To-day? . . . Well, to-day Saint Valentine is assuming popularity again, judging by the appearance of Valentines, gaily designed and modern in sentiments. But period Valentines are still to be found and are as decorative, if not more unusual, than the old flower, animal and hunting prints with which we try to enliven our waste-paper baskets, tablemats, and walls, etc.

Pictured here are some attractive tablemats and a decorative blotter, made at home from some of the delightful old Valentines, which can be bought quite inexpensively in almost every print shop.

A vellum blotter such as can be found at any fancy stationer's shop, decorated with an early Victorian Valentine. The initial is a cardboard embroidery one, painted gilt and stuck on with gum

When you can buy CANNED FRUIT freely again..

LOOK TO Libby's FOR PERFECTION

Returning some day soon: Libby's Pineapple, Fruit Juices, Asparagus, Evaporated Milk, Alaska Salmon, Corned Beef, Homogenized Vegetables for Babies . . . . and all Libby's 100 Famous Foods!

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Convenient,

palatable,

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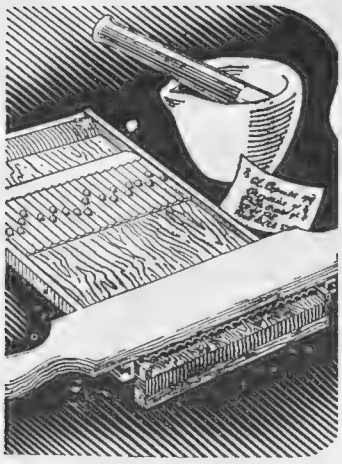
'Milk of Magnesia' * Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *(Regd.)*

TABLETS

* *Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*



ABOVE is shown equipment necessary for pill-making. Something more is needed, however—craftsmanship, accuracy and long practice. These qualities your chemist certainly possesses. For before he can open his pharmacy, a registered chemist passes a stringent test in pill-making and other subjects to the satisfaction of the examiners of the Pharmaceutical Society. The chemist is a vital part of the country's health organization. His skill and knowledge are at your disposal and justify your confidence.

Ask your chemist's opinion of

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

SHE MUST KEEP FIT

Lixen

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE

In bottles - - 2/3, 3/11

LIXEN LOZENGES

For the children. Fruit-flavoured, in bottles 1/8

From Chemists only.

It's an Allenburys Product

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

1586

Storm Over England

(*Continued from page* 17)

in Shepherd's Bush, Bermondsey, Dulwich and Norwood.

Great damage was done on the Thames, below London Bridge, and at Woolwich.

The south-western districts of the country, in particular, felt the full force of the gale. Distressing accounts of disaster come from Exeter, Aldershot and Plymouth.

At Oxford, the Great Western Railway goods station was completely wrecked; the wall of the Chapel at Oriel College blown down, and the Vice-Chancellor's residence at Christ Church unroofed.

In Savernake Forest, the roads were blocked by falling trees, no less than ninety of which were wrenched out of the ground within a space of a few miles. . . .

All this took place in December, 1872.

Thunderstorms and gales have (very rarely, it is true) been superseded as news in this country by earthquakes. The most disastrous 'quake recorded in Britain for some centuries was that which occurred in East Anglia, on April 22, 1884. The shocks, due, it was estimated, to the shifting of rocks in a deep fault, were felt most strongly near the villages of Peldon, Abberton, and Wivenhoe, in north-east Essex.

Another earthquake of some proportions, in December, 1896, between Hereford and Ross, resulted in severe damage to buildings.

Frosts, of a severity that one would imagine to be impossible in a "temperate" clime, have also made English news in the past. Thus:

For many weeks, the Thames in London was covered with ice eleven inches thick. A fair was held on the river, oxen roasted whole over bonfires, and shops and booths set up. About forty coaches plied for fares on the ice, as though on dry land.

Hollies and oaks were withered by the cold, and nearly all the birds were killed, the frost lasting from the beginning of December until February 4. . . .

This took place in 1684, a long enough time ago; but the Victorian Age was visited by frosts so abnormal that (in 1860) bonfires were lighted on the Serpentine and dancing, skating, and firework displays were held on the ice.

As a lighthearted postscript to these grave facts, it is amusing to note that, in 1705, thousands of people (many of them drawn from the ranks of the well-to-do and educated) were so alarmed by the predictions of a madman concerning an earthquake due to take place on April 8, that they spent the entire night of the seventh in their carriages and in tents in the "great open spaces" of Hyde Park!

END

The Green Snake

(*Continued from page* 16)

"Ruth denies having gone to Miss Drake's cabin, or made any attempt to get the jewels, but I know the fear of this weakness of her mother's had always troubled her, and now, quite naturally——"

"Quite," the Captain nodded.

Miss Drake said nothing.

"Her mother," Ron Miller went on, "was a remarkably beautiful woman, and a truthful one in all respects except this—but when this damnable obsession got her, she would deny everything, serenely, even smilingly. Ruth's father just had to take up the slack with his cheque book, and smooth things as best he could. I can't believe it of Ruth, but I'm frankly worried. Would you believe a thing like that might be—hereditary?"

"That," Captain Edwards said, "I wouldn't know."

"What should I do, Captain?"

"For the moment do nothing," Miss Drake said.

Captain Edwards stared at her. At last he said, "I am inclined to agree with Miss Drake." But when the young man had gone he added, smiling a tight little smile, "Now, Miss Drake, please justify my trust in you."

"Give me until tomorrow morning."

"You have a plan?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"Presumably a—a trap?"

"You could call it that."

The captain leaned back, staring out moodily at the oily sea. His voice, when he spoke, was almost harsh. "I am not sure that much credit attaches to trapping a poor girl who——"

Miss Drake's abrupt movement cut across his words. She said, "Presumption of innocence, Captain—until found guilty. It's an old and honoured practice. It could be Mrs. Miller or one of seven others."

Captain Edwards sighed.

"Maybe you're right. What about—watching this trap?"

"It must *not* be watched."

"Then how the devil——?"

Miss Drake smiled.

"I shall know," she said. "I feel very sure I shall know."

Going back to her own quarters, she had a sudden lapse of confidence in herself and her intuitions. Passing the door of the Millers' cabin, she saw is was partly ajar, held by the catch. Her eye involuntarily went to the clothes hung on the rack, swaying ever so slightly with the movement of the ship. As if more alive and demonstrative than the rest, a pair of sky-blue pyjamas swayed with the uneasy motion.

THE world was a vast grey saucer, in the centre of which the freighter was a speck. A few great-winged birds escorted her through this incomparable vastness; they seemed indeed to Miss Drake—who ordinarily loved birds, who had studied them in various climes—quite out of drawing. Their beaks as they quarrelled for food thrown overside, their claws as they taxied down upon the waters, were the beaks and claws of creatures of prey; their eyes were too bright and predacious. Evening light made them creatures of flame, a late sun breaking luridly through the dull heavens.

She made her way aft. The awning there flapped in a soft, unsuspected wind, a whisper of night. Already the Deekmans had ensconsed themselves comfortably in deck chairs, the Dutchman's after-dinner cigar glowing. "If I may say so," he greeted Miss Drake, "you were very sensible to say what you did at table, to suggest it was foolish and childish for us to avoid each other. Of course, they will come. Not to do so would single one out, as you might say. You will, perhaps, have some other little mystery for us, Miss Drake?" He gave a laugh, but the sound died away, the awning flapping in the wind again, and a sea-bird craying overhead. Miss Drake, watching, saw Mrs. Corby and, almost immediately, Miss Wilbur, who asked cheerfully, "May I sit here? What a lovely night," Miss Wilbur proclaimed, and Mrs. Corby, choosing a seat away from the Deekmans, said, "Did you see the sky?" She lay back, smoking. "What about the sky?" Mr. Hindle wanted to know, coming up. "Like flame," Mrs. Corby said, "quite marvellous. I think tomorrow will be a good day. Are you cold, Miss Drake?"

"N—no."

"Somebody walking over your grave," Mr. Deekman said.

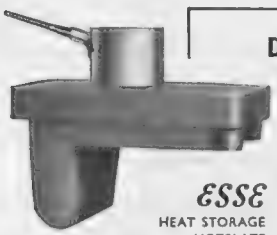
"Such a thing, poppa!"

"Just an old saying, my dear."

Miss Wilbur remarked, "It's funny how sayings persist, in one form or another, in so many parts of the world."

We are all talking, Miss Drake thought, but beneath are our secrets, our antagonisms, our plans.

"Where are our young friends?" Mr. Hindle wanted to know, and as if in answer the Millers appeared, walking the deck, against the swiftly (*Continued on page* 62)



Do you know the meaning of HEAT STORAGE COOKING?

ESSE
HEAT STORAGE HOTPLATE

The illustration shows the massive Esse Heat Storage Hotplate. The extended tongue, which is in actual contact with the small, continuously-burning fire directs a continual flow of heat into the Hotplate body. Thus a great reserve of heat is built up behind the thick cooker insulation. The surface of the Hotplate when not in use is insulated by movable bolsters. In this way, the Esse Heat Storage Cooker reduces fuel cost to a minimum and is ready for instant use 24 hours a day Fuel anthracite, Phurnacite or coke.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY (Proprietors: SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., EST. 1854)
HEAD OFFICE & WORKS. BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.
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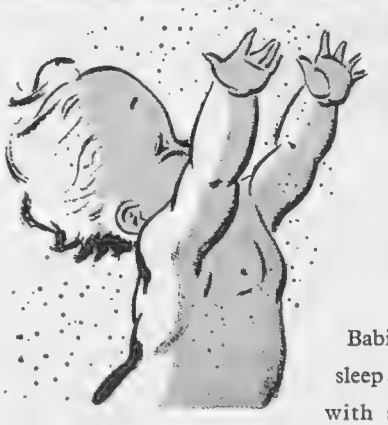

Babies slip blissfully off to sleep after a bath made perfect with silky-soft showers of Johnson's Baby Powder. Shake it freely into every plump roll, for there's no need to worry where the next tin is coming from. Your chemist has more Johnson's, the softest, kindest baby powder in the world.

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Nowhere—

to lay their Weary Eggs!

No wonder Moths fly away when they come near "MODERNA" blankets. These are specially treated to make them MOTH-PROOF.

Yet "MODERNA" blankets have no smell, and they are made from the finest and softest lamb's wool. Also Guaranteed fadeless and never-shrinking.

They will come to you in lovely modern Pastel Shades — through the best Stores. You will be glad then that you waited for "MODERNA" to lap your sleep in luxury! Not available yet.

MODERNA
BLANKETS
for Softest Sleep

Thomas Ratcliffe & Co. Ltd.
Mytholmroyd, Yorks.

darkening sky, in which birds with great wing-spread swept low in balanced motion, following the ship. Pausing, because Mrs. Deekman called quite gaily to them, and politeness has its demands, the Millers joined the group, thus completing it.

"You had a good day?" inquired Mrs. Deekman, inauspiciously.

Nobody spoke.

Miss Wilbur put in helpfully, "It should be a grand night for sleeping. It is so calm, and the ship is so steady."

Blowing a lazy cloud of smoke, Mrs. Corby said, "I shouldn't think Miss Drake would sleep well, if she still persists in keeping that wretched box?"

Mrs. Deekman gave a sudden, nervous giggle.

"I have a guess. I have a guess!"

"What is your guess, Mrs. Deekman?" It was Miss Drake's quick question.

"The green snake is not any longer in the box. You are too clever for that."

Miss Drake said, "The green snake *is* in the box. And the box is in my cabin."

"But the door is locked?" Miss Wilbur hoped.

"None of the doors lock—from the outside," Mr. Hindle reminded her.

The little Dutchman flung the stub of his cigar overboard. "You left it unprotected, unguarded?" he said.

"Quite unwatched," Miss Drake said.

Mrs. Corby gasped, "You're crazy."

"I hope not."

For the first time young Mr. Miller spoke.

"It is very wrong of you, Miss Drake."

There was a moment of silence so complete that the sobbing intake of Ruth Miller's breath was an emphasis. Miss Drake's defence came slowly. "Evil is a curious thing," she said, "it has a way of bringing about its own destruction." Mr. Hindle shifted his long legs; he said, "I agree, but sometimes the thief enjoys his spoils and his freedom for quite too long. Why even——" He broke off, leaving the words suspended in the air. And now a curious phenomenon occurred. A paralysis seemed to overtake the small company there on the after deck. All wished to go, but nobody was willing to make the first move. In the end Miss Wilbur said brightly, "Well, I'm for bed. Good night, everybody." And, as if at a signal, they all began to disperse. All except Miss Drake.

MISS DRAKE remained, feeling the night pregnant about her. Then she was not alone. One of them had returned. He said, "How could you be so cruel, Miss Drake?"

"Sit down," she said, "please." Her voice was urgent. "I want you to do something—rather hard, Mr. Miller. I want you to trust your wife, to risk her being alone. If you watch her now, if she knows you're watching her, you may regret it all your life. Wouldn't it be better even to know?"

He said, after a moment, "So what do I do?"

"Just wait."

"Where?"

"You could wait—here."

"Nothing may happen."

The Green Snake

"That is so. But I have a feeling it will."

"How will we know?"

"I think we will know."

Her pulse was ridiculously fast; fluttering like a bird. The ship's engines rebuked her with a steadier beat. The bow clove the still waters. The bow wave ran hissing into darkness, a sound more imagined than heard A plume of smoke slanted across the night sky. Birds above soared unseen in balanced, easy flight, untiring. A steward came whistling out and threw slops overside. There was a sharp shaft of brightness until he shut the door again. And still they waited.

Then, suddenly, they heard it—a woman's scream, piercing the night.

Miss Drake caught Ron Miller's quick, "Good God," but already swiftly, almost silently, she was in flight, his heavy breathing close behind her.

Cabin doors flew open; other people were running. Captain Edwards, on the way down from the bridge, pushed past in undignified haste. A hand was holding open the door of Miss Drake's cabin. It was Mr. Hindle's hand, as if he had got there first. But what Miss Drake saw, what seemed to be the only possible focus of her eyes, were a woman's sky-blue pyjamas under a light gay dressing-gown. Young Mr. Miller cried, "Ruth! Ruth, darling!"

Now everybody crowded round staring down at the floor of the little cabin. On the floor lay the cigar-box, its specimens of not very rare insects scattered, the white tissue sheets like ghostly leaves tossed about. Miss Drake stared at a plump, rounded arm outflung and almost but not quite, touching a small green snake lying there. Mrs. Deekman's high-pitched voice was shrilling, "What has happened? Who——" then it trailed off into a frightened whimper.

Captain Edwards said grimly, "Just a second attempt to steal the green snake, which Miss Drake had most happily forestalled."

His eyes saluted Miss Drake, who suddenly flushed, who suddenly smiled over at young Mr. Miller, standing there with his arm tightly about his wife's waist as if he would never let her go. From his patent gratitude she turned away, her tautness barely relaxed yet, to stare down at Mrs. Corby still lying in a dead faint.

"I think now," Miss Drake said, "you had better keep the—the more expensive one—in custody until we see what's to be done about it."

The Captain stooped and picked up the one that was on the floor, holding it in the palm of his hand.

Reaching out a pretty hand, Ruth Miller touched the little green snake.

"It feels so—so slithery," she shuddered.

"This one," Miss Drake said, "came out of a bottle. I fortunately was taking some specimens home with me. I thought it might do the trick."

END

Good Hope

(*Continued from page 20*)

English or Dutch—"Letters under," "Soeckt brieven," "Hieronder leggen brieven," "Heare under looke for letters"—together with the names of ships: *Dragon* and *Hector*, *Jonas*, *Lesser James*, *Abigail*, *London*.

But the dangerous character of the anchorage and the hostility of the natives did not prove encouraging, and although in 1620 two English captains took possession of the Cape in the name of King James I, nobody thought it worth while to confirm it, and the island of St. Helena long continued to be preferred by English ships as a place of call.

THE original *Flying Dutchman*, for many centuries firmly believed in by sailors as a denizen of those waters, was probably an early Dutch East Indiaman, *pace* those people who will have it that she never existed at all, and that her blasphemous Commander Vanderdecken was some sort of vague embodiment of the storm spirit. According to the generally accepted version of the story, Vanderdecken had been for some time trying to double the Cape without success, and at last, being urged to give up the attempt for the time being, he flatly refused to do so, though he should beat about there till the day of judgment.

The defiant skipper was taken at his word, and if all tales be true he has been many a time sighted by seamen in the waters he is doomed to haunt for ever, almost always presaging disaster and death to the beholder. Clark Russell, the novelist, a passenger in a French sailing vessel in the 1830s, and, finally, the later King George V and his brother the Duke of Clarence, when they made their voyage in H.M.S. *Bacchante*, are among those who have seen the apparition.

Whether real or mythical, however, the Dutchman seems to have abandoned his cruising ground with the disappearance of sail, and the powerful beam of the Slangkop lighthouse, casting its ray across the stormy waters, never lights (*Continued on page 64*)

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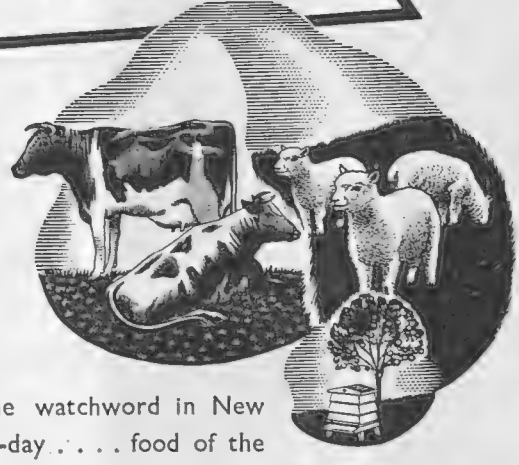

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up his antique craft with her crew of phantom seamen.

Nor, since the construction of the modern harbour, have the shores of Table Bay been strewn with a harvest of wrecks as once they frequently were after a gale from the north-west. The celebrated breakwater upon which so many I.D.B.s and other offenders against law and order expiated their offences provided the first safe anchorage for shipping, and since then the harbour has grown steadily until it is one of the finest in the world.

CAPE TOWN itself is a city of striking contrasts. Up-to-date business blocks, department stores and hotels have taken the place of the old buildings with their high iron-pillared stœps which lined Adderley Street and St. George's Street at the time of the Boer War and later. Its Government buildings—Parliament House, Art Gallery, Library, and so on—are grouped in gardens, where the grey squirrels Cecil Rhodes introduced into South Africa to its cost, come down saucily to take peanuts from the hands of visitors, and more desirable immigrants in the shape of English roses bloom luxuriantly.

Beautiful suburbs, many of their houses built in the old Dutch Colonial style which adapts itself so well to the climate of South Africa, climb the wrinkled slopes of the mountain or stretch out into the country towards the Constantia vineyards. Notable among these is Rondebosch, where is situated the beautiful old house of Groot Schuur, the "Chequers" of South Africa, bequeathed to the nation by Cecil Rhodes; near at hand are

the University Buildings, which owe so much to the same donor.

But there is another side to the picture. To the north of the old castle, and quite close to the best of Cape Town's business streets, lies the notorious District Six, an area comparable with Cardiff's Tiger Bay, with Ratcliff Highway in the old days, and with the Old Port of Marseilles.

Cape Town has many statues—Governor van Riebeck in plumed hat and great boots; Cecil Rhodes in characteristic attitude; Watts's "Physical Energy" in the colonnaded memorial at Wynberg and others to heroes of wars new and old. Curiously enough, few recall exploits by sea—Diaz and Vasco da Gama are absent, and Muizenberg with its cosmopolitan throngs of pleasure-seekers has no memorial to that dour, cautious and efficient Scotsman, Lord Keith, to whom was largely due the first capture of the Cape from the Dutch.

Cape Town has seen many changes, and will no doubt see plenty more. But one thing remains unchanged through it all—the great, majestic, brooding mountain, watching the generations of men come and go. Most of the wild creatures which once haunted its deep kloofs have gone; but its flowers and its shining silver trees bloom unchanged.

I am told they are going to floodlight the mountain for the King's visit. No such adventitious aids are needed for what is still, as Sir Francis Drake named it, "the finest promontory in the world."

END

Ghost Gold

(*Continued from page 19*)

who migrated to England, but operated chiefly in European playgrounds, kept his ghost walking for five years, and made it yield him—according to the Scotland Yard chief inspector who harvested him when he was ripe—£70,000. He had £10,300 on him when arrested in Antwerp, and the plutocrat who charged him said he had parted with £25,000. Mr. Slater's ghost was a "fixed" horse race. The race never was "fixed," but the wealthy men whom he victimized thought it was, and handed over large sums with the notion that they were going to collect a fortune in winnings.

JOSEPH ASPINALL, an illiterate Lancashire labourer, and his son James ran their Aspinall Trust myth for years. A fortune of £400,000 was supposed to be held in trust in France for Joseph Aspinall, who was said to be worth two to three million pounds. An estates company parted with £840, a retired Indian Army colonel lent £140, and in all £3,000 was secured from various people who believed the money was needed for fees and expenses to release that fortune held in trust in France.

Mr. Oscar Hartzell kept the Drake Millions ghost walking for ten years, 1924–1934. It gave him an income of £5,000 to £10,000 a year. Arriving here from America, he represented himself as the direct descendant of a secret marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake, and as such entitled to the Drake Estate, which comprised Plymouth and other assets aggregating £5,000,000,000. This trifling estate was held in Chancery, but the claimant was fighting the British Government for it, and if all descendants of the Drake family rallied to the fighting fund, they would get a 1000 per cent return on their money.

Hartzell circulated through local agents all the Drakes in America. An astonishing number from the corn belt and backwoods responded. Apart from the financial aspect, they were tickled to learn of their royal descent. The thing assumed some political importance as Drake claimants wrote to their local papers, to the British Ambassador, and to King George, demanding justice. Questions were asked in the House. The U.S. Consulate-General issued a statement. Hartzell smiled. He was safe so long as he did not fleece British citizens or Americans resident in Britain, but merely acknowledged receipt of money from his American agents. Or so he thought, until one day he was served with an extradition warrant. Pulled home, he was sent to Leavenworth jail for ten years.

But that ghost walks still. Hundreds of corn-belt Drakes believe that their champion was railroaded to prison as the result of a sinister British plot, and that they are being done out of their share of £5,000,000,000, most of it in gold bars "in Chancery"—which they picture as a gloomy vault somewhere in the heart of London.

END

Dream Village

(*Continued from page 27*)

as keystones—or garages decorated with frescoes. Here a ship-model is let into a wall-niche, there a ship's figurehead conceals a petrol-pump.

The whole place, from the rough-cast walls of cottages coloured in apricot, pink, honey, etc., to the very steps that lead down to the Harbour, proclaims its creator's long-cherished conviction that men were intended to live, not amid drab, dingy surroundings, but in the stimulating presence of beauty, whether it be the beauty of Nature itself, the product of some art, or—as here—a skilful combination of both, with a dash of theatrical quaintness thrown in.

But the focal point of the community is a building that has only recently been completed. It is the feature that so worked on the imagination of Clough Williams-Ellis as a boy—a Town Hall. Standing on a tree-clad terrace above the Hotel, it has always become the indoor entertainment centre of Portmeirion, dances, concerts, dramatic and cinema performances, conferences and art displays being held in a magnificent room crowned with a seventeenth-century vaulted ceiling rescued from a doomed hall in Flintshire.

Externally, the Town Hall is now embellished with a series of admirable murals by Hans Fiebusch; in them you get the maritime character of the community represented once again, with Neptunes and mermaids disporting in the ocean alongside fishes and sea-horses.

A Town Hall in Arcady. What better consummation could Clough Williams-Ellis have for his boyhood dreams, with their rich content of ships and sailors, towers, rock-bound lairs and clustering cottages?

END

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PURE SEVENSEAS COD LIVER OIL

Shetland Folk (*Continued from page 24*)

"tuskar" which has no foot-rest, but is pressed down into the soft peat to cut a two-foot slab and lay it on the bank above, each slab overlapping its fellow, tier on tier.

WITH coal costing over £4 a ton, it is not only the crofters who cut peats, but the townspeople too. At all hours of the twenty-four in fair weather—in these islands of hourly showers—there are folk working in the miles of peat cuttings on the roof of Shetland above Lerwick: for in the "summer dim" of June and July the sun sets for three or four hours only, and it is light enough at midnight or one o'clock in the morning for a man to read his *Shetland News* in comfort against a peat stack—though, if it is one of those rare humid and windless nights, there will not be much comfort about it on account of the virulent midges, which make their appearance with the first warm weather of the summer.

Working at the peats one June day, on the next the crofters may be chasing madly over the hill—for few of them have collie-dogs—trying to round up their dozen or score of sheep apiece for the "rooing," and to single them out by the coloured wools in their lugs or the squares of red or black cloth sewn on to their rumps, from the hundreds of sheep grazing on the Scathald, the toon's common pasturage of brine-scorched heather and bog mosses. With a woman earning £6 or £7 a week knitting Shetland hosiery, the Shetland sheep, that lean, ugly creature with a silky fine-haired fleece of golden, black, or white wool—or a mixture of all three—has become of greater importance to the crofter than his cow; and somehow or other the ewes are kept alive through the barren winter and spring, fed around the house on potatoes and cabbages and a little corn and perhaps oil-cake, until they can be tethered in pairs on the crofting in early summer and finally turned away to the hill. Even so, they are in such poor condition that a great part of their wool is scattered about dykes and fences before the rooing day in June, when what is left of their fleeces is plucked by hand: half of the bulk sent away to the mills being returned, carded and spun, to the crofters for their own use.

Towards the end of July the crofters cut their hay, fashioning it into small quoils and subsequently into beautifully steepled beehive-cocks securely meshed with old seine nets weighted with stones against the autumnal gales; and, as August opens out, they begin to harvest their oats or bere—that primitive barley which makes excellent bread and is a first-rate feeding stuff for cattle—cutting it with the scythe or the sickle. The latter is a laborious tool, for instead of gathering in an armful of corn as the old English yeoman was accustomed to do, the Shetland woman takes in only five handfuls to every sickle cut.

But while the crofters are working feverishly through August and September to get in their hay and corn and peats, there are other signs that the short Shetland summer is passing. Since the first days of June the fleet of swift ninety-foot motor-boats and still larger drifters have been landing their catches of herrings on the busy wharves of Lerwick and Scalloway (the old capital) and at the Bressay factory pier, toiling all through the night sometimes to unload a heavy shot of perhaps 200 crans—200,000 silver herrings; but towards the end of August most of the herrings are spent from spawning and no longer profitable to catch, and by the middle of September Lerwick harbour is nearly deserted by the summer's busy shipping, and on days here and there big, 1,000-ton deep-sea trawlers steam into Bressay Sound, en route to their Icelandic or Bear Island fishing grounds.

But September may yet bring the most perfect weather of the Shetland year, and standing on the hill of Cruester on a calm night, looking over the noble bay to Lerwick, whence comes night and day the sad maaing of lambs awaiting shipment in the *Saint Clare* to the Aberdeen mart, and the deep-toned quarter-hours from the town hall clock, the scene is as beautiful as any in Britain. A brilliant incandescent glare from the Bressay lighthouse illuminates the southern entrance to the sound; the yellow jade, and ruby lights along the Lerwick waterfront are reflected in shimmering streaks on the calm black pool of the sound; northwards a bar of faint luminous green lies along the horizon of hills. These are the rare hours for which I would sacrifice the sunny hours of southern lands for Shetland's cold, stormy summer and long dark, winter, and these are the hours that Shetland men on the high seas must recall with deepest nostalgia, and which will bring them home some day to their womenfolk waiting in the lonely croftings.

END

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Lace Pattern In Three Ply

(*Continued from page 50*)

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole end rows.

Work the left front as right front with shaping at the opposite edges.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles, cast on 82 sts. Work in main patt. for 1½ ins. Change to No. 12 needles and work 3 rows garter stitch (knit). Change to No. 9 needles and main patt., work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row until 92 sts. Continue until sleeve measures 5 ins. *from the 2 rows of garter stitch.*

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 72 sts. remain. Then 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 ins. Cast off.

THE FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows.

MAKE BUTTONHOLE

Rib 3, cast off 2, rib 3. **Next row.**—Rib 3, cast on 2, rib 3. Continue in ribbing for 15½ ins., making 5 more buttonholes 2½ ins. apart. Rib 2 rows after last buttonhole.

Work another strip omitting buttonholes.

THE EDGINGS (worked on No. 12 needles)

Cast on 4 sts.

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 (5 sts.).

3rd row.—K. 3, m. 1, k. 2 (6 sts.).

4th row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 4 (7 sts.).

5th row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 (8 sts.).

6th row.—Cast off 4. K. 2 at end. These 6 rows form patt.

Work 2 strips to go round the edge of each cuff.

Work 2 strips to go down each side of button-hole strip.

Work 1 strip to go round the edge of collar.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the shoulder side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves. Turn back lower edge of sleeve to the 3 rows of garter stitch. Sew on the cuff edgings. Sew front edgings to the buttonhole strip. Sew on this buttonhole strip to the right hand side of blouse. Sew on strip to the left-hand side of blouse. Sew edging on the edge of collar. Sew on collar. Press *all* seams and edgings. Sew on buttons. Thread cord or elastic through holes at the lower edge of blouse.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; sts. = stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; patt. = pattern; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over; sl. = slip; w.r.n. = wool round needle; w.f. = wool forward; rep. = repeat.

END

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'Onyx' Bouncer

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The Brevitt Bouncer's our creation.
for your protection look for patent no. 549812

Thirsty Work (*Continued from page* 32)

was good stuff. A nip of this would steady his nerves for tackling that writing-desk. I'm gettin jittery. . . . Groping among the cutlery he found a heavy corkscrew-cum-tin-opener which shone in the lamplight. Might be silver, he thought, as he plunged the point into the cork. . . .

The liquor rasped his throat. He coughed. He took another swig straight from the bottle and the whisky tore at his throat. He coughed again, coughed until he was out of breath and the tears smarted in his eyes. "I'm not used to it," he muttered aloud. It was then he noticed that the radio next door had stopped playing. His hands went clammy. What if they had heard the coughing and remembered that Lady Fearnley was away. . . . Perhaps they were already dialling the police. . . .

He rushed to the window and heaved himself out, not troubling about fingerprints this time. He ran blindly down the fire escape and only stopped when he had turned the corner. A woman was coming towards him and he crossed the road quickly. Once he reached the High Street he was safe. . . . He lit another cigarette and walked on slowly, dragging on the cigarette as if each puff were precious and life-giving.

Thank heaven, he was in the High Street with people around him again. A slow-moving car stopped a few yards ahead and he almost froze with terror. But it wasn't a police car. . . . A woman in a fur coat got out and shouted "good-night" to the driver. I'll have a cup of coffee at Bert's before I go home, he decided suddenly.

As he went in his mouth opened wide. Radcliffe sat on a stool at the counter with his hat tilted back.

"What, no lemonade?" he called genially.

Naylor ignored him. He jammed his hands into his pockets to stop them from trembling. His right hand closed over the corkscrew contraption which he must have pocketed as he dashed from the flat.

"Evening, Bert," he said casually. "Got any fags?"

Bert shook his head. "Sold out."

"Okay," laughed Naylor. "See you to-morrow." He went out without looking round.

"Have one of mine," invited Radcliffe, hurrying after him.

Naylor swung round. "Keep it," he snapped viciously. "And keep out of my way. I'm fussy about my company."

"You're a bit jumpy to-night, aren't you," the detective murmured. "If I didn't know you I'd swear you'd been drinking."

"Well, I haven't," said Naylor between his teeth.

"Funny thing for a teetotaller to be carrying about," commented Radcliffe. With a quick movement he whisked the corkscrew from Naylor's pocket. "You ought to be more careful," he said gently. "These things are sharp. The point's worn right through your pocket."

With an oath Naylor made a grab for it but the detective was too quick for him. "Take it easy," he cautioned.

Naylor was breathing heavily. I must get a grip on myself, he thought.

"You ain't got a search warrant," he muttered. "What right 'ave you got to take my property."

"This is a pretty handsome thing," said Radcliffe thoughtfully, turning the corkscrew over in his fingers. "Also, it might be useful to a criminal."

Naylor stopped dead in his tracks. "What d'you mean?"

"Nothing," said the detective, twiddling the corkscrew. "But unless you tell me where you got this I might run you in for being in possession of a housebreaking implement. A chap with your record. . . ."

"You're nuts," scoffed Naylor. He began to laugh. "You're kidding. I've had this for years."

Radcliffe's cold eyes rested on him. "I never knew you needed one of these for opening lemonade bottles," he said slowly.

"That's my business," cut in Naylor "It's my property and I can do what I like with it. Had it for years. Ask my wife, if you want to. Just ask her," he repeated eagerly. Too eagerly. . . . There was a note of hysteria in his voice that caught the detective's quick ear.

"Maybe, I will," he murmured.

They walked on in silence. Naylor's confidence flooded back. What a good thing it was that he hadn't lifted any of that cutlery from the flat! He'd have been finished, all right. . . .

"After you, Claude," he said with a mocking bow as he opened the front door. The detective thanked him with a grin that was no more than a twitch of the lips. Mary was dozing in the kitchen when they walked in. . . . She shuddered when she saw Radcliffe.

"It's nothing," laughed Naylor. "Just a social call."

Radcliffe held up the corkscrew. "Ever seen this before?" he asked sharply.

"Of course she has," shouted Naylor. "I've had it for years, haven't I?"

"Shut up!" snapped the detective. He turned to Mary Naylor with a frown. "Ever seen this before?"

She gripped the sides of the chair until her knuckles showed white. Her eyes crawled from her husband's flushed face to the glittering object in the detective's hand.

"I never saw it before in my life," she said in a flat toneless voice.

END

Elegant Arts For Ladies

(*Continued from page* 33)

the colour and texture of orange-blossom or syringa buds. The delicate, lace-like quality of this work made it also very popular for headdresses, an example of which is also illustrated.

THE above examples are by no means all of the crafts described; bead and bugle work, painting "transparencies" and on velvet and satin, and the construction of caskets and work-boxes in porcupine quills, are subjects all more or less exhaustively covered, so that there need never be a dull moment for the lady with the time and taste for "elegant arts." But as the remainder of this invaluable book is devoted to subjects such as "The Toilet," "Callisthenic Exercises" and to "Etiquette," a few quotations from these might be welcome.

The exercises are surprisingly modern in idea, and sound extremely strenuous. There is certainly an alarming diagram of a back-board, like a contrivance from the Spanish Inquisition, and another of a dumb-bell which looks more suitable for a professional weight-lifter than for a young woman of normal development, but on the whole the recommendations are for light clothing—the illustration will give an idea how light this is meant to be—for fresh air, and for a gradual increase in the degree of energy in subsequent exercises.

The section devoted to "The Toilet" starts with some medical diagram of a rather startling character dealing with skin construction and hair roots, follows this up with some attractive recipes for perfumes, gives the measurements of the skin cells affected by sunburn to one two-thousandth of an inch, and after a drowsy passage on Pot Pourri and Bouquet Universal, startles the reader with a highly-magnified diagram of a bed-bug which, "although not agreeable in sound to ears polite, may, nevertheless, by some accident, attack skins polite." The author excuses herself for mentioning a subject so indelicate on the grounds that "some persons have an objection to applying even to a medical man for its treatment."

The chapters (*Continued on page* 70)

Beauty

is not looks alone

Beauty is not merely a question of perfected make-up or the latest, most lovable hair-style. These are but finishing touches. True loveliness springs from a deeper source—from confidence, from assurance, from the knowledge of *freedom*. And these are the benefits which Tampax brings. Tampax, perfected sanitary protection worn internally, brings you the priceless gift of peace of mind *at all times* . . . for Tampax is invisible, is safer, surer, more hygienic. No matter the date, loveliness can never be clouded by doubt or worry: with Tampax you can wear what you like and do what you like.

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"Hot flushes of the face and neck" is frequently the first indication to show that a woman has arrived at a certain phase of her physiological development. There are, however, a number of other symptoms, often difficult to distinguish from ordinary health disturbances. Some of the more usual of these are:—nerves, giddiness, headache, insomnia, "pins-and-needles," and itching (pruritus). As correct diagnosis is important, women experiencing any of these signs are advised to

CONSULT A DOCTOR

"The Crisis in a Woman's Life" is an interesting book describing in some detail the above symptoms and the processes leading up to them. Copies may be obtained from chemists or for 3d. in stamps direct from

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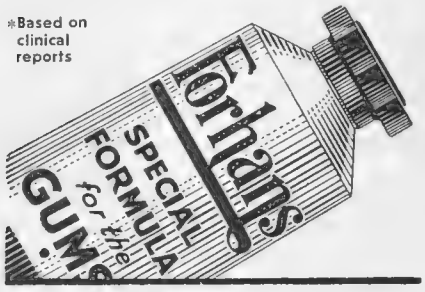

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dealing with "Etiquette," "Politeness" and "Good Breeding" are full of good sense, but some of the social conventions are very evidently echoes from a world very different from our own; and it comes as rather a surprise to learn that "when finger-bowls come in with the dessert, an odious habit of gargling the mouth is adopted by some few, who think that a foreign habit cannot be unseemly. Let nothing induce you to imitate them!"

To return to the question of arts and crafts, however, with which we are dealing in particular, there are still a number which space will only permit to be mentioned by name. They include gilding and bronzing plaster casts, the manufacture of wax fruit, transparent glass-painting and "Persian Painting on Wood."

Some of these, such as the bronzing of plaster casts are no doubt regrettable in themselves, and it is fortunate that the fragile quality of the plaster has probably prevented their survival. But many of the other examples evidence great technical skill, delicacy of handling, and often considerable taste, and manage to hold their own, both in the museum case and the antique shop window, with the productions of skilled craftsmen of periods where the standard of taste is ranked much higher than that of mid-nineteenth century England.

Elegant Arts For Ladies

Books

(*Continued from page 45*)

that long-faithful, much-tried lady herself!

HAVING roamed the sea of flying fish in an oil tanker, I can envy Mr. R. W. Thompson his experiences in "Black Caribbean" (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.). Of British Honduras, he says, anything might be true. Troops of mixed Negro-Indians would parade Belize with a constricting snake twenty or thirty feet long strapped to planks and held aloft in solemn procession. There were devil dancers in horns, masks and bits of hide making a terrific hullaballoo in the streets, to the awed delight of the kids. On Jamaica and elsewhere he explored the wilds, studying native life. He writes in such a lively way as to carry you with him, whether he is plumbing dark racial mysteries or the idiosyncrasies of light-headed Empire builders.

WHEN I was younger I enjoyed *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov* for their story and characters without worrying unduly about their philosophy; and that, I suggest, is the right approach to any novelist, even Dostoievsky, if your reading is to be a pleasant voyage and not one through fog with the siren of the subconscious droning mournfully. In "The Breath of Corruption" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) Mr. Ivan Roe goes deep into philosophy and spiritual motives, linking him with Freud and the problem of mortal corruption. As an interpretation of genius it is penetrating; but I'm glad I read him first as the storyteller rather than the demonic seer.

MR. LEONARD RUSSELL, as editor, packs into "The Saturday Book" (Hutchinson, 21s.) something of the solid, varied interest of the Victorian and Edwardian monthly magazine whose passing so many deplore; and that, I think, accounts for its popularity in its sixth year. This impression is enhanced by the quaint period photographs of ye "good old days" and the nostalgic interest of some of the handsome colour plates. Articles, stories, pictures are unique.

MISS MARY LAVIN'S *Bective Bridge* tales were marked by a Jan Austen awareness of the subtleties of family life and manners. "The Becker Wives" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) has these qualities plus a sense of drama, as in her study of the stodgy, stuffy Becker family and the tragic impact of the gay, atomic Flora, introduced into it by a Becker reacting from type. A second of the four stories shows an aged, sick man, whose wife has become a shrewish slattern, reverting to their youthful, romantic elopement and dying happily in the afterglow of memory. Whatever theme she touches, grave or gay, her treatment is distinctive.

PURSUIT of an elusive collaborator in the Savoy Mountains and Paris a year after France's liberation, provides the drama in Miss Kay Boyle's "A Frenchman Must Die" (Faber, 8s. 6d.). Not only must a Frenchman die; a young U.S. student hot on his trail with the *maquis* must love, even though the beautiful Danielle Monnet was the quarry's secretary and, therefore, suspect. The action is swift-moving, the background vivid; the hero of this "story of love and intrigue" more exciting than convincing.

A BIOGRAPHICAL novel closer to everyday experience is Mr. J. D. Beresford's "The Prisoner" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), the story of Paul Barnet, clerk in a lawyer's office, who rebels against the small-town conservatism of Medboro' and wins freedom as a successful writer, only to lose it in a shackling love and marriage. "The prison that had confined him," he realizes in the end, "had been that of his temporal personality, the false conception of his own importance to a world that was, at the last analysis, only an illusion of the senses, a transitory, mental concept. . . . Only by ceasing to ask, and being content merely to give, can there be any approach to personal freedom." A serious novel of spiritual values for the reflective reader.

IMAGINE yourself an unconventional Chelsea artist. You dream that in the night you groped through a fog to the nearby home of the model who is your mistress and stabbed her. The next day you read that she has been found murdered in exactly that way. Was it more than a dream? That is Max Arnold's dilemma in Mr. Claude Houghton's "Transformation Scene" (Collins, 8s. 6d.) which provokes some dramatic self-searching before the mystery is finally probed. When arty Chelsea has its murder, naturally it is an unusual one worthy of Mr. Houghton's exceptional skill.

A REVIEWER is rather intimidated by an author who pegs on with the old pen or typewriter after achieving a novel which sells over 5,000,000 copies—*All Quiet's* score to date. In "Arch of Triumph" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), translated by Walter Sorell and Denver Lindley, Erich Maria Remarque works valiantly at the story of a refugee surgeon, Ravic, in bohemian pre-war Paris, and the impact of an impassioned, disturbing love—frankly, expertly portrayed—on his sombrely unhappy life. Readers who liked *All Quiet's* bitter realism will find echoes of it here, and a stark narrative power which makes even misery—at second-hand—enjoyable.

HERE is a list of books which will pay the attention of readers:—

NOVELS

"The Secret Voyage," by Harry Edmonds (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

"One Remained Seated," by John Slate (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.).

"Sir Rusty Sword," by Philip Lindsay (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.).

"Figs In Frost," by Hervey Hamilton (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

"Dearly Beloved," by Alan Kennington (Andrew Melrose, 9s. 6d.).

"Red Is The Lotus," by Denis Rooksby (Museum Press, 8s. 6d.).

"Shrimp Harris," by Colin Davy (Collins, 9s. 6d.).

"Last Love," by Dorothy Black (Cassell, 8s. 6d.).

"A Foolish Wind," by Francis Askham (John Lane, 8s 6d.).

"Fortune Spins Auburn," by Raoul (Torchstream, 9s. 6d.).

"Clogs To Clogs," by Frank Stafford (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.)

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BERMALINE BREAD is Baked

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PURITY

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Books

"Farewell Yesterday," by H. A. Vachell (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.).

"Pollyanna's Protegee," by Margaret P. Chalmers (Harrap, 7s. 6d.).

"Bride of Neptune," by George Sava (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Tricolour Flies Again," by Sven Aurén (Hammond, Hammond & Co., 12s. 6d.).

"Beach Red," by Peter Bowman (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.).

"Motor Driving Made Easy." A complete Guide for the Beginner, by the *Autocar* Technical Staff (Iliffe & Sons, 3s. 6d.).

END

A Cock-Eyed Sprite

(*Continued from page* 29)

thought about it. A mob drove the police away from the prison van and took the horses out. Wilkes had to disguise himself, slip away at night, knock the prison up and ask the governor to take him in.

AFTER he became Lord Mayor of London Wilkes settled down and became a model citizen. Lord Mansfield declared him to be "the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar I ever knew."

His hobby was pigeons. "I have great difficulty in making them stay with me," he said to a friend. "Every pigeon I get from England, Ireland, or France, flies back to his native land the moment I lift the latch. But I bought a cock and hen from Scotland. I need not add that they never returned to their native land."

At the end of his life he was asked would he go through the storm of politics again?

"Not at all," replied Wilkes. "Adversity may be a good thing to breakfast on; nay, a man may dine on it; but believe me, my good friend, it makes a confoundedly bad supper."

And all that is remembered of the "cock-eyed sprite" is a dull obelisk in Ludgate Circus dedicated to the Right Honourable John Wilkes, Esquire, Lord Mayor, and the memory of the readiest wit in English politics.

END

Success Story

(*Continued from page* 36)

long, grey wall. Once inside, she locked the door behind them and, amid the scent of honeysuckle and stock, cried, "Here we are!"

It was a cottage garden, enclosed on all sides by high walls, the paths edged with tiles and the beds blazing with flowers, many of them, too simple for florists' windows, unfamiliar to Aurelia.

Lady Long was cutting white cottage roses from a sprawling bush. They had flushed pink hearts and a heady scent and Aurelia could not see Paston allowing them outside these walls; but their owner had forgotten Paston, had forgotten to hesitate before she spoke, had probably forgotten Sir Jacob. This was her sanctuary and, looking at her, Aurelia felt the word was not too strong. Her roses gathered, she took her guest around the paths, happily naming favourites, tying up stragglers, until suddenly she looked at her jewelled watch and her manner changed so abruptly that the sun might have gone in.

"We must go back, Sir Jacob likes me there when he comes down. I'm afraid we must hurry. . . ."

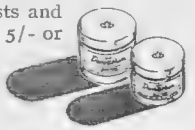
Back they hurried. But, as they went into the house, she put a hesitant hand on Aurelia's arm:

"I should so like a talk with you. After lunch, perhaps?"

Andrew took charge of the proceedings during the morning, making tennis his order of the day and, as Aurelia was not in the others' class, insisting on partnering her himself. No one could have been more charming, nor found her more delightful if his manner were to be believed. Aurelia did not believe it but she enjoyed her morning and, after lunch, (*Continued on page* 72)

Where Age Shows

It is the skin, and most *noticeably* the skin, the reveals the advancing years. And now it is easy to capture—and to *keep*—a soft, smooth, wrinkle-free skin, by using Damaskin at night as a Skinfood, and as a Foundation by day. Tired, dry tissues are rejuvenated and in their place you see a new and exciting loveliness. Try Damaskin now and keep age at bay *where age first tells its tale*. From all good chemists and stores. If out of stock send 5/- or 9/2 (double size) to Colloidal Chemists (K.11.2) Ltd., 35 Bessborough Place, S.W.1.



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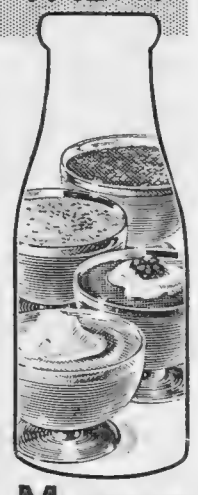

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Little MISS MUFFET JUNKETS

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was carried off to a small round sitting-room in one of the pepperpot turrets, which Lady Long had made her own.

"Sit down, my dear," she said, "the saddlebag chair is comfortable though it has seen better days. All this was our very first furniture, you know." She broke off. "Now, what made me tell you that?" The room was crammed pathetically with photographs, simple furniture and flowers. "Perhaps you are easy to tell things to. I don't find people easy as a rule—but I imagine you would?"

Aurelia, looking at the worried brown eyes, the elaborately dressed hair, the kindness of the drooping mouth, found that she could not behave shabbily to this woman.

"I do," she agreed, "perhaps because I'm on the stage."

The struggle was plain to read but frank, delighted interest won.

"Oh, tell me about it!" cried Lady Long. "I used to love the theatre—the *Quaker Girl*, you know and *The Count of Luxembourg* —but my husband doesn't—*care* for it so now I never go. Tell me about your life! It must be so *interesting*."

Nothing loth, Aurelia plunged into a success story. It was what her hearer wanted and, in this atmosphere of flattering attention, she herself more than half believed it. At last, she felt, she had found an ally as she described frocks and first nights, dressing-rooms and dance numbers, even sang bits of songs. In the crowded little room, plastered with photographs that almost reminded Aurelia of theatrical lodgings, they had a famous time.

"But will you ever want to give it up?" mused her listener.

"One day, it will give *me* up!" laughed Aurelia.

"And that is why," said Jerry's mother gently, "you wish to marry my son?"

The room was suddenly small and close and heavily flower-scented. Aurelia felt cornered:

"You won't oppose it," she found herself half protesting, "because I've been on the stage!"

"I shouldn't want us to oppose Jerry's marriage." The thin hands clutched and unclutched but the gentle voice was firm. "There is too much opposition between Jerry and his father, even now. A break would break my own heart." She smiled faintly. "Does that sound exaggerated? But he is my only son and there is so little I can do for his father now—I was too small, you see, to keep up with him. But I can smooth things between him and Jerry. . . . No, we musn't have to oppose Jerry's marriage. We thought he would marry Mary, my dear."

"But that was a boy and girl affair!"

"They *are* boy and girl."

"You mean I'm too old for him?" flashed Aurelia. "It doesn't matter to *us* that I was born too soon!"

"Look, my dear." Lady Long opened her hand and, on the palm, was a key. "It's to my garden door. Take it. If you want somewhere to think quietly, that is a very good place. Its walls keep out distractions and, in such a very simple place, you see things as they are."

There was nothing for Aurelia but to take the little key and find her way down the turret stairs. She felt angry and frustrated and not clear for whom the anger was meant —unless it were herself. It was perfectly plain that, rather than risk a break with her son, Jerry's mother would induce her husband to accept Aurelia—she plainly *liked* Aurelia. Then why the frustration?

Emerging moodily into the afternoon sunshine, Aurelia found Andrew Deering idly drawing one of the stone gryphons that guarded the steps. He held up the sketch for inspection and she observed rather sourly:

"It's more like Jerry than anything else!"

"Isn't it! How people do grow like their pets. Now I keep bull-terriers. The moral's plain." Then he noticed the key. "Bluebeard's chamber?"

"You're in the wrong panto," she said. 'This is to the enchanted garden—you remember, Beauty and the Beast."

His eyes narrowed in amusement: "Shall we make it so? Or do you prefer to swelter on the lake with the others? I sent Jerry on with Mary while I waited for you."

"Jerry obeys your orders?"

"He had to in the Marines and the habit sticks. Well, is it to be boat exercise?"

Aurelia got the idea perfectly. Jerry's new girl was to neglect him for his fascinating friend while Mary applied balm to affronted pride.

"On an afternoon like this?" she replied. "Thank you, no!"

They sat on the grass under an ancient apple tree in Lady Long's garden, the gnarled branches that had never been pruned, drooping to form a cool, green shade. Their owner thought that her garden shut out distraction but this was a formidable one that Aurelia had let in.

"You're an astonishingly pretty girl," he remarked lazily.

"I know," said Aurelia, "but it doesn't get you very far."

"Depends, surely, on where you want to go?"

"I didn't get there." Through half closed eyes she followed the twittering movements of small birds in the leafy branches.

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Price **£5 5***s.*

"What was your goal? Star dressing-room? Hollywood? Or just possibly—The Towers?"

"Only a good man's heart," drawled Aurelia. "I'm an old-fashioned girl."

"I believe you!" he said.

"Those birds," sighed Aurelia. "Everything found, food for the picking up, it's a great mistake being born a human. . . . What would you know about that?"

He was watching her rather thoughtfully: "I imagine I've been luckier than you."

"Oh, I had *luck*—once. Luck and looks. No money, of course. No training. I can dance a bit and sing in a little chirp like that sparrow up there and look as perky. And so, of course, can a new swarm of kids of seventeen."

"And now you're *not* seventeen. What were you doing when you were?"

"C.P. work—pierrots to you. Fun sometimes." She fell silent, thinking it couldn't be seventeen years since she *was* seventeen and getting her first chance.

"Go on," he said, "tell me the story of your life!"

She looked down at him over her shoulder.

"Go on," he smiled.

But it was not a success story that she told Andrew Deering. A lot of it was funny and the not-so-funny could be made to sound so. He was a bit unexpected, she thought; usually men liked to talk about *themselves*, but this one was a good listener, even if his hands were linked behind his head and his eyes closed. The long bony face he had likened to a bull-terrier's was less sardonic than she had seen it. She felt oddly glad that she was not going to marry Jerry—for, of course, poor old Lady Long had won: Jerry should be handed back nicely to Mary Wadham—and would have to be made to like it with no romantic yearnings after lost Aurelia.

"And the show flopped abyssmally," she concluded. "I met Jerry—and here I am!"

"And here you are." He cocked an amused eyebrow at her. "But should you be dallying with me if you mean to stay?"

She smiled at him: "I've always had a weakness for bull-terriers. I think it's their pink noses."

"I resent that!"

He jerked up in very threatening fashion and, out of the tail of her eye, Aurelia saw the garden door swing wide.

"You needn't," she smiled. "I tell you, I find bull-terriers irresistible."

It was just so much the better that Jerry and his Mary should be looking on, for Aurelia meant Andrew to kiss her. She wanted it more urgently than she had wanted anything before—even The Towers.

He bent forward, kissed her lightly with an amused gleam in his eye, her hand slid round his neck and then she was in his arms, the dumbfounded audience forgotten.

It was the vicious shutting of the garden door that brought Andrew round. He looked faintly astonished at himself. Mary had slipped away. Aurelia got to her feet wearing her amused little rueful smile:

"Well—you saw that," she said to Jerry.

He replied stiffly, all his youthful *amour-propre* outraged. "How *could* you!"

Aurelia shook her fair head: "He's regrettably irresistible, your friend!"

Scarlet with mortification, Jerry wheeled about and the garden door slammed again.

"He'll not forgive you that," said Andrew. "He's too young to be made to look a fool."

"This is where I pack," said Aurelia. "But you can always say, like Adam in another garden, that the woman tempted you!"

Aurelia sat in the corner of a half-full carriage, telling herself what a fool she had been. At this time yesterday, the train was bringing her by these same fields, to an odds-on chance of comfort and security for the rest of her days: Comfort, security and affection, for Jerry had been a nice boy.

Now she was travelling back again to a future in which everything that mattered was uncertain except that Andrew Deering would not be in it. . . . At her age, to go falling in love!

She had told Lady Long that a telephone message recalled her and had been kissed and wished a long continuance of the success story. She had not said good-bye to Andrew. With an impatient little movement she stared angrily out at the passing fields. She had made a nice mess of things.

The door into the corridor slid back and someone took the seat next Aurelia. She swung round from the window.

"Lady Long told me you'd already left," he announced. "I just made it."

For the life of her, she daren't trust herself to speak. Her hands lay limp in her lap and he dropped one of his over them for a brief, incredibly comforting moment.

"Cheer up," he encouraged her, "you *like* bull-terriers!"

END

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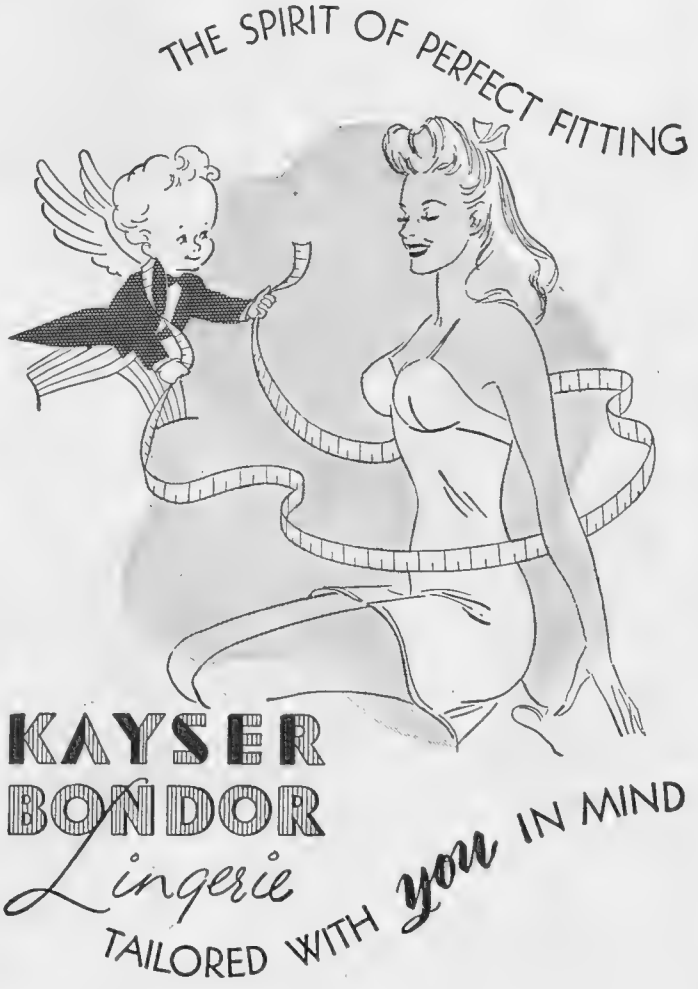

Blessed Are The Meek

(*Continued from page 23*)

to act as my chauffeur until I retire, this girl has demanded and, of course, obtained her release and is now acting as chauffeur to a sub-lieutenant (S) in your ship. What does it mean?"

Harold Merridew explained patiently to his captain what it meant. He was not allowed to keep his car in the car park. His duties did not permit of his being able to put the car into a garage, and so he had been obliged to take a chauffeur into his employment. He naturally selected the most —suitable—of the applicants he had interviewed. Yes, he agreed that ten pounds a week was a good wage to pay a chauffeur, but as far as he knew there was no regulation against that sort of thing. Or was there?

He fixed his limpid blue eyes on his captain and waited for a reply that was not forthcoming.

Miss Boggis continued to drive the Risotto-Spanielli while the commander-in-chief was obliged to content himself with a competent but unprepossessing three-badged able seaman who suffered from perpetual nasal catarrh.

SOME weeks passed and the people of Seaport became thoroughly used to the sight of this yellow dream car and its attractive driver. They pointed to it with off-hand pride as being something of a local wonder which redounded to the credit of the dockyard port; even the shop stewards ceased to fulminate and comforted themselves and their disciples by stating that a fool and his money were soon parted.

Then, one day, the Risotto-Spanielli vanished. Sub-Lieutenant (S) Merridew was stated to be taking some well-earned seasonal leave. Captain Oerlikon-Brown missed the services of his secretary, but otherwise he breathed more freely and he no longer was obliged to answer the stream of questions with which his wife plied him. Mrs. O.-B., it seemed, took a poor view of the Merridew set-up.

That attractive young girl would, she said, come to no good, driving that youngster around in that enormous car whilst there was no doubt that he in his turn would probably be compromised into marrying the Boggis. It was all very intriguing and what, she asked, was Oerlikon-Brown doing about it? A boy of that age had no right to have so much money, the least he could do would be to retire from the Service instead of flaunting it in front of members of the worst-paid profession in the world. It was heartless and immoral and so on.

Then, on one of those really beautiful days which occur at intervals in time to prevent the entire population of this country from committing suicide, the Chief Yeoman of Signals burst into his captain's cabin and reported that a large vessel was entering the harbour. It was a sailing ship he said and was flying the white ensign.

This latter statement aroused the captain into his usual state of acute resentment when the privilege of flying the white ensign granted to the Royal Yacht Squadron was brought under his immediate notice.

He went up on deck armed with a telescope and turned it fiercely on to the approaching vessel. He was bound to admit that she was a lovely sight as she came to her anchorage under full canvas. You could look where and how you liked, but you could see nothing wrong with her. Even the crew were dressed alike and on her poop was gathered a small party of elegant and beautiful young people.

More people with money to burn, registered the envious captain and gave orders that the officer of the guard was to visit the vessel immediately and to inquire into her origin and the circumstances which permitted her the privilege of flying the white ensign. With great alacrity the duty officer buttoned on his sword and departed in the motor boat. He spent some considerable time aboard the schooner and returned to his ship slightly pink about the gills and inclined to giggle as he spoke.

The vessel was *The Lucky Inheritance* he tittered, three hundred tons, registered at Poole. Her owner (ha-ha) was a Sub-Lieutenant (S) Harold Merridew who had produced his warrant entitling him as member of the Royal Yacht Squadron to fly the white ensign. The owner, continued the officer of the guard, and here his bump of risibility seemed to be profoundly tickled, the owner presented his compliments to Captain Oerlikon-Brown and requested the pleasure of his company and that of his wife at dinner that evening. (Loud laughter.) The captain was in a quandary. What was a man to do? If he accepted he would get a fearful ticking off from his missus. If he refused—ditto. There was only one course open. He went to his cabin, rang the bell for his steward and demanded his bicycle clips. Then he walked ashore and moodily cycled in search of his better half. You never could tell with women, he reflected, the only safe way was to place the responsibility for a decision squarely on her shoulders. But that, alas, did not save him from a fearful wigging. The lady, it seemed, was burning with curiosity to go to dinner but had Nothing to Wear. When he suggested that this was something of an over-statement she was moved to cry a little and abuse him a lot. At the end of thirty minutes' castigation the captain was able once more to don his bicycle clips and to return to his ship whence he made a suitable and courteous reply accepting the invitation to dine aboard *The Lucky Inheritance*.

It was a memorable evening and wholly delightful. Even the fact that the entire ship's company and officers of the schooner were recruited from his own ship was not sufficient to spoil such lavish hospitality. Harold Merridew in his curiously diffident manner was able to dispel the feeling which otherwise must have been present that he was showing off the power of his purse before his impecunious captain and scoring off him in consequence. Such open-handed hospitality and courtesy was completely disarming. Even Mrs. Oerlikon-Brown forbore to sniff when she observed a plain gold band on the third finger of the Boggis' left hand. They were, she admitted, a most presentable couple, what a pity he was only a paymaster.

LOOKING back on that dinner party the captain realized that his acceptance had been a tactical blunder. By so doing he had formally recognized the right of his secretary to own and command a ship whilst still serving aboard one of His Majesty's. This, he felt, was most irregular, and he said so to Harold Merridew who simply replied that he had searched the Regulations and he had been unable to find anything which prohibited such a state of affairs. Nevertheless, Captain Oerlikon-Brown was unhappy. His worst fears were realized when he took his ship to sea on a round of visits to various ports in the English Channel. It seemed that from now onwards they were to be accompanied by *The Lucky Inheritance*. Wherever the King's ship went she was followed at a respectable distance by the schooner. The presence of *The Lucky Inheritance* involved Oerlikon-Brown in a continuous spate of interrogation at every place he visited. The local mayors, anxious to be all things to all men, were prone to lump the two ships together in the matter of civic hospitality, and thus the captain was frequently obliged to meet his secretary on equal terms in many a mayoral parlour. Never, for a moment, however, did Sub-Lieutenant (S) Merridew presume upon his unique position. True, he threw his own ship open to the wives of his messmates so that there was a wholesale transfer of officers to the schooner every evening in harbour, and there was no denying that his efforts on behalf of the ship's company were equally well intentioned and appreciated. His organized picnics and charabanc tours were very much sought after, the name of Merridew was blessed a hundred times a day. Everybody was better off as the result of the young paymaster's munificence. No regulations were being contravened, no act of indiscipline was being committed and yet Captain Oerlikon-Brown was very unhappy about the whole business.

It was, he explained to his wife, most irregular. It was all right, as it happened, because young Merridew, to give him his due, behaved very properly, but just imagine, just suppose for a moment, that another of his officers were to inherit a fortune or that several of them did! What would become of the discipline of his ship if one of his able seamen appeared with a luxury yacht and anchored alongside? There ought to be something in the Regulations to safeguard the Service against such eventualities. He begged his wife to Mark His Words the whole thing was highly irregular and no good would come of it.

Whereupon his wife told him not to waste his breath and her time crying over spilt milk. It was up to him, she said, to Take Steps before another of his officers came into a fortune. Money, she said, breeds money.

SHE was right as women always are. Harold Merridew was not averse to passing on certain financial information which was bound to come his way through the agency of his brokers. The officers took heed of his Stock Exchange tips and began cautiously at first and more freely as success met their efforts, to speculate on the Stock Exchange. They did very well borrowing from the sub-lieutenant (S) at first and then proceeding independently. Soon the entire wardroom mess was composed of successful punters. Only the captain held out.

After the officers the lower deck began to take an interest in the acquisition of wealth. Telegrams arrived on board by the hundred. The sounding off of "stand easy" was the signal for the frantic scanning of the *Financial Times* to see how markets were faring. The weight of such informed speculation had its effect on the stock markets. The movements of the cruiser were watched by long-nosed gentlemen who found as usual a means of deriving an income from the market fluctuations caused by the absence of the cruiser on operations which prohibited the use of the telegraph.

It followed, of course, as night follows day, that after the acquisition of wealth came the spending of it. The fortunate ones who had followed Harold Merridew's stock-market activities continued to copy his methods of spending his wealth.

Presently a fleet of yachts followed the cruiser at sea, whilst as soon as she touched a jetty a swarm of shining motors clustered at her side.

BY the time that Oerlikon-Brown had made up his mind to Take Steps it was too late. It was a terrifying thought that he was commanding a ship which was manned almost entirely by rich men. He went to his admiral and practically wept as he explained his dilemma. Never, he said, had he commanded such paragons as were his officers and men, but, he said disjointedly, the Thing was highly irregular and must cease before it spread to the Fleet.

The admiral, too, was a man of probity. He put away from him the thought of asking young Merridew what his opinions were of South American Railways and went to Whitehall to seek advice.

The outcome of his interview was a letter from Their Lordships stating that in view of altered circumstances (not specified) They were prepared to reconsider Sub-Lieutenant (S) H. Merridew's application to resign his commission.

"Well, Merridew," said the captain with a wintry smile, "I've been able to persuade the Admiralty to allow you to retire as you requested."

Harold Merridew coughed deferentially. "I've taken the liberty of drafting a reply to Their Lordships' letter," he said.

The captain took the proffered paper and read: "The substance (*Continued on page 76*)

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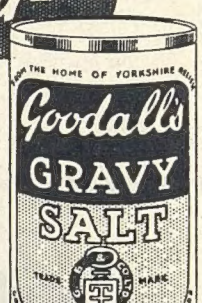

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of Your Lordships' letter has been explained to Sub-Lieutenant (S) Merridew who has stated that owing to altered circumstances he has no intention of resigning his commission."

"I thought you wanted to retire," he said weakly.

"I did, sir, but now my wife does not wish me to. I'm bound to consider her wishes, sir."

"Oh, quite," said Oerlikon-Brown with considerable vehemence.

"He won't go," he reported to his admiral.

"Won't he," came the enigmatical reply, "there's always Fevertown."

Meanwhile a special board was considering the necessary steps to be taken to prevent the spreading of the canker of wealth which had so completely taken hold of Captain Oerlikon-Brown's cruiser. She was to be paid off immediately, they decided, and her ship's company were to be encouraged to retire or, failing that, they were to be appointed to the outposts of the Empire where stock-market speculation was out of the question.

Sub-Lieutenant (S) Merridew was to be promoted to lieutenant and appointed as secretary to the Captain-in-Charge Fevertown.

As for Captain Oerlikon-Brown, the Deputy Judge Advocate could find little with which to charge him within the framework of the existing regulations, but it was felt that he was somehow to blame and he was therefore to be appointed Captain-in-Charge Fevertown.

The rest of this story can be related in a few words.

Just as Their Lordships had anticipated, Harold Merridew and his wife (née Boggis) found the climate of Fevertown little to their liking. For a few months they tried the expedient of flying nightly to the Atlas Mountains in a jet-propelled liner which they acquired for that purpose. But this they found tiring.

There was no other way out than to purchase the port of Fevertown and this they did, driving a hard bargain with the Admiralty. They resold it six months later to a soap-making combine for double the price.

I should have mentioned that one of the terms of sale by the Admiralty was the resignation of Harold Merridew from the Service.

As for Captain Oerlikon-Brown, he now really dislikes paper work and anyone mentioning typewriters is liable to regret having done so.

* * *

I don't think there is a moral in this stor , but if there is, I apologize.

END

Free Winds of Heaven

(*Continued from page* 47)

fastened on the opposite side of the sails automatically adjusting them to the wind—thereby saving much time and labour.

A miller was not an ordinary working man, neither was he always jolly. He had to be alert and ready to go into action at the change of the wind—even as the captain of a sailing vessel has to keep his weather eye open. If the miller did not adjust his sails to the temper of the wind, there was the ever-present danger of his mill "running away." Over-hasty braking might cause fire, either from excessive heat, or sparks engendered by friction. As mills were generally built of wood and thatch, and flour dust is highly inflammable, many were burnt down for this reason. Then the sails, riding against the wind, might cause the mill to be blown over, as at Cockfield, where the miller was killed when his mill sailed away with him. Lightning, too, might cause havoc. A miller, at Dalham, was using the chain hoist during a thunderstorm when lightning travelled down the chain and killed him instantaneously.

Although four sweeps, or sails, are the usual number, five or more are occasionally to be seen. Heckington Mill, in Lincolnshire, has eight—the only mill with that number grinding corn to-day. Very businesslike, it looks, too, with its trim sheds nestling at its base and the umbrella-shaped top gleaming in the sun.

Another mill in Lincolnshire, at Boston, with the very feminine name of Maud Foster, has five sweeps—more picturesque though, at times, somewhat top-heavy. It acquired its name from a wealthy lady living in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who probably had much to do with the building of the former mill, for this one only dates from the days of the quieter Queen Charlotte, about 150 years ago.

Although flat country, where the wind is not so variable, is better suited to the windmill, the fen-lands have not the monopoly of them. At Brill, in Bucks, is an ancient post-mill on a knoll 700 ft. above sea level. It is built on a tripod of wood and has the tail post in position. Fortunately, the National Trust has taken it under its generous wing and so it will remain for all time—we sincerely hope.

Somerset has one on the borders of Sedgemoor—a peaceful reminder on that battlefield where Englishmen fought against Englishmen on English soil for the last time.

Cambridgeshire has more than its fair share of these interesting bygones. At Doddington, Stretham and Barrington are good examples of the tower mill, and at Willingham is an imposing smock mill—all in good repair.

The great enjoyment of a holiday on the Norfolk Broads is the striking view of the many windmills still to be seen there. They are not used so much for the grinding of corn as to drain the land, though to-day many are being superseded by machinery housed in an ugly wooden shed. In a few cases machinery has been added to the wind, thereby combining both old and new methods. Perhaps the windmill near Acle is the best known, for Acle is the popular rendezvous for the many craft that sauntered up and down the rivers.

Clay-next-the-Sea shows the artistic spirit of the men of Norfolk, for it has been turned into a dwelling-house, leaving its sails still glowing in the sunset. It is one of the ancient ones, having been built in 1713 when Clay was a thriving little port, complete with custom's house and a tiny town.

Although some 2,000 windmills still remain in England in various stages of decay, only about 200 are still working. Perhaps with the new importance that bread assumes in our daily food, they will once more come into their own, and the miller will enjoy the smooth feeling of flour, pure and white, flowing from his grindstones, instead of the grist he has been grinding for the feeding of pigs and poultry. There is still hope for the jolly miller in a land that so cheerfully puts up with rationing in this England of ours.

END

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